

The Outlook

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MEXICO AND "THE OUTLOOK"

Three days after the news of the attack by Villa's guerrillas or bandits on the American town of Columbus in New Mexico, Mr. Gregory Mason, a member of The Outlook's editorial staff, left New York City on his way to Mexico, where he will act as staff correspondent for The Outlook.

Mexico is not a new field for Mr. Mason. Our readers will remember that he was sent to that country as special correspondent for this journal when the warfare between Huerta on the one side and Villa and Carranza on the other was at its most critical stage. They will remember also that Mr. Mason met and talked with both the Constitutionalist leaders, and that two of his articles in The Outlook dealt with the personality and purpose of Villa and Carranza respectively. Mr. Mason's knowledge of the country and people and his former acquaintance with American officers now engaged in the pursuit of Villa give him exceptional opportunities for securing first-hand information and a just and fair view of the questions involved in the present momentous situation.

The interest expressed by our readers in the series of articles resulting from Mr. Mason's recent stay in Russia as special correspondent of The Outlook, as well as in many other signed and unsigned articles from his pen, makes us confident that his correspondence from Mexico will prove one of the most important contributions to current history ever published in this journal, and that Mr. Mason's expedition to Mexico will parallel in this respect that of Mr. George Kennan to Cuba at the outbreak of the Spanish War, of Mr. Kennan to Japan in the Russo-Japanese War, and of Mr. Arthur Bullard to the Balkans during the first Balkan War.

In this connection the editors may call attention to the article entitled "A Star of Hope for Mexico," by Charles W. Dabney, President of the University of Cincinnati, in this issue of The Outlook, and to the editorial and news paragraphs on Mexico on other pages.

THE WEEK

THE STORY OF THE WAR

The fourth week of the German offensive against the Verdun position began with a comparative lull in the fierceness of the fighting; and up to March 15, the end of our week's summary, nothing new or decisive had occurred. The Germans gained some ground both on the east and the west side of the Meuse River; but their attempt to take Fort Vaux, which lies a little to the southeast of Douaumont, already held by the Germans, was repulsed with serious loss and after a most determined defense by the French. At the end of the week under consideration artillery demonstrations were

being made by the Germans on all three sides of their offensive—that is, to the north, east, and west; and observers predict that this will be followed by infantry attacks and a new, serious, and persistent attempt to break through the French lines.

It is more and more evident that the mere driving back of the lines, even if that should include the abandonment of the city of Verdun, would not be decisive unless and until the defense is broken through and the defending forces driven apart and definitely defeated. If, as some observers predict, the Verdun attack is a prelude in the putting forward of plans for peace by Germany, it has

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so far failed in the purpose of impressing the world with the superiority of the German chances of success on the western line.

The most conflicting statements as to the losses around Verdun continue to be made. Major Moraht, a German military expert, last week put the French losses at seventy to eighty thousand. French reports assert that the German losses were very much heavier than the French, as would be natural for an attacking force, and by some the German loss is put at two hundred thousand; French artillery officers say that during the first four days of the Verdun attack the Germans fired two million shells—perhaps an exaggeration, but in itself an evidence of the violence and extent of the assault. On March 14 it was asserted that the Germans were bringing up a hundred thousand fresh men to aid in the expected new infantry assault.

There were reports during the week of a repulse of the British forces under General Aylmer as they advanced along the bank of the Tigris to the relief of British troops shut up in Kut-el-Amara; that the advance has been checked seems certain, but the seriousness of the recent action is in doubt. The Turkish reports declare that a battle of importance took place at a town called Felahie, with a British loss of five thousand; while London advices represent the British losses inconsiderable and the action as unimportant. In the same general war field, the Russians are continuing to advance southwest from Bitlis, the capture of which we reported last week, and also near the Black Sea in the neighborhood of Trebizond; while the Russians have captured in Persia the city of Kirind, which is on the road from the important town of Hamadan to Bagdad, and about a hundred and fifty miles from Bagdad.

The declaration of war made by Germany against Portugal was expected as a natural consequence of the seizure by Portugal of German ships interned in Portuguese harbors. Germany declares that Portugal has in several ways shown that she considers herself "England's vassal," and has acted in England's interest; Germany not only protests against the illegality of the seizure, but asserts that it was made in an insulting and warlike manner. Portugal is the thirteenth country (the fourteenth, counting San Marino) to enter this war. Sir Edward Grey on March 14 stated in the English House of Commons that Portugal had offered to pay for the vessels seized, but that of course no compensa-

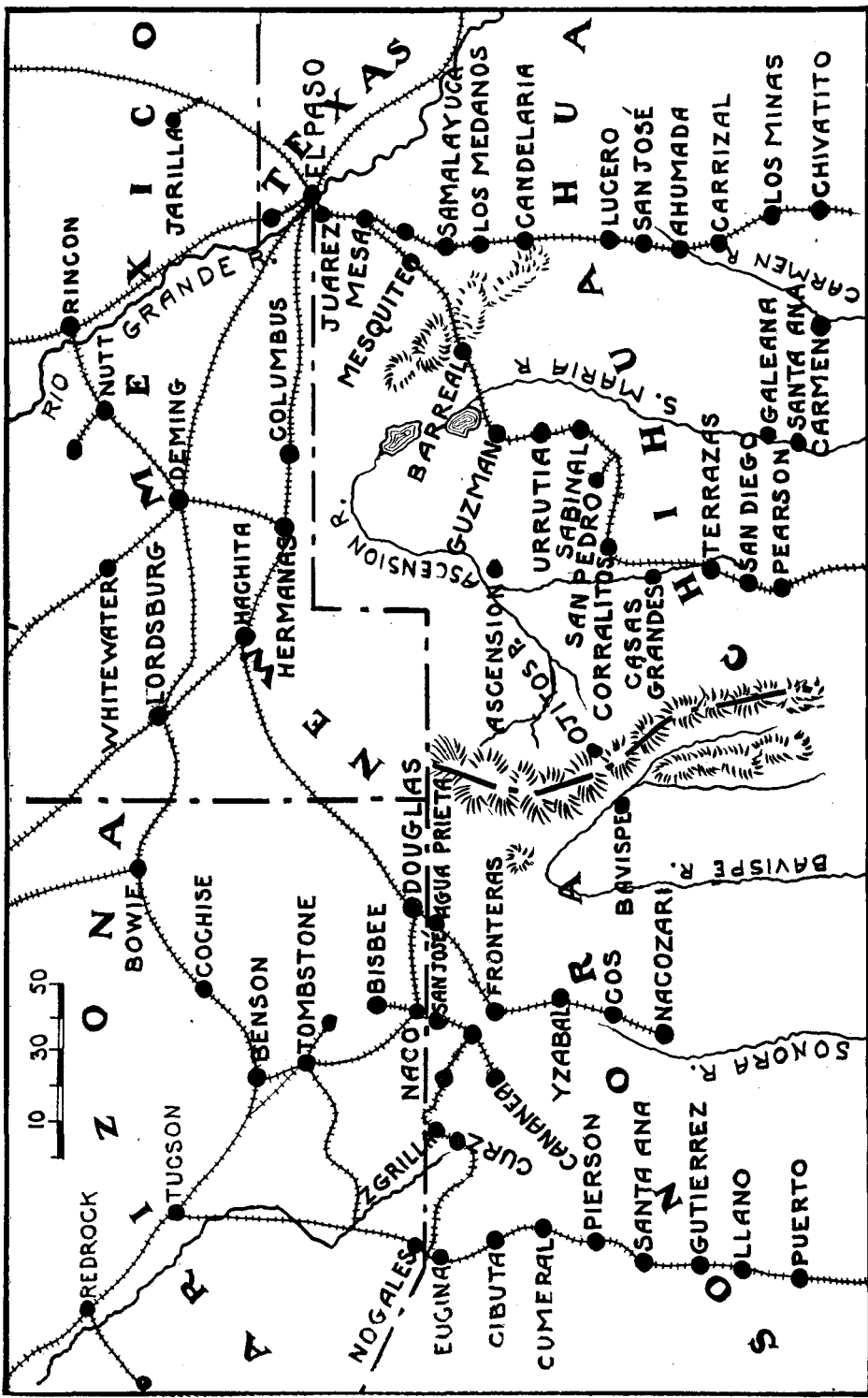
tion would now be given, and that Germany had previously violated Portugal's neutrality by raiding Portuguese territory in West Africa.

The destruction of the Norwegian bark *Silius*, probably by a submarine, although possibly by a bomb from an aeroplane or less probably by a mine, was not only another violation by Germany of recognized international law and an unprovoked attack upon neutrals, but was also an offense to this country, for seven Americans were members of the crew of the *Silius*, and we have warned Germany that we would not submit to the "putting in jeopardy" of the lives of American citizens by wrongful submarine warfare. The United States Consul at Havre reports that the bark was unarmed; and the only defense we have seen put forward for the action has been a statement that the attack took place close to the coast of France, and not on the high seas. It can hardly be seriously supposed that an unprovoked attack on a neutral merchant ship is excusable because it happened in the waters of a belligerent nation.

THE INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES FROM MEXICO

Villa's attack on the New Mexican town of Columbus on March 10 was as crafty and sudden as it was brutal and causeless. On the very day it occurred one might read in a New York newspaper the headline, "Villa Arranging to Come into the United States"—meaning that he was about to seek protection there. A single sentry gave the alarm, and was killed on his post. So absent was all thought of attack that there were no advanced outposts about the town. The Thirteenth United States Cavalry, under Colonel Slocum, was encamped at Columbus, and as soon as was humanly possible rallied to resist the invaders, killed scores of Villa's bandits, drove the others from the place and pursued them to the Mexican border—and beyond. Seven of our soldiers and twelve civilians were killed and about twenty wounded, while the loss among the bandits was probably between fifty and a hundred. In the brief time in which Villa's followers occupied a part of the town they burned and looted like savages. It was at first reported that Villa himself led the attack, but that is not positively confirmed. Perhaps five hundred men were engaged in the raid. "Death to Americans!" was the cry of the invaders.

What was the object of Villa in this raid?



ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

This sketch-map of northern Mexico and of parts of New Mexico and Arizona near the border shows the region in Mexico into which Villa retreated after attacking Columbus. He is expected to retreat into the mountain region between Sonora and Chihuahua. On March 15 he was said to be near Galeana.

First, hatred of the Americans because, as he maintains, he was first encouraged and indirectly supported by our Government (as in the raising, to his benefit, of the embargo on arms), and then thrown over by it in favor of Carranza, although he had accepted and Carranza had rejected the Pan-American overtures for a conference to settle Mexican affairs. Secondly, and more immediately, a desire to force the United States to enter Mexico in hopes that a general anti-American rising of peons might better his position, which has of late been that of a hunted, desperate, and formally outlawed leader of a guerrilla force. If he could involve Carranza in resistance to the United States, so much the better, he thinks, for Villa.

THE PROBLEM RAISED BY THE INVASION

There was nowhere any question but that the United States should act at once to punish this invasion and to enter Mexico with its forces to that end. The only question was whether a solely punitive expedition was possible or practical, or whether the situation did not involve by necessity general intervention. To send a small force which should make a dash and capture Villa is a vain dream. We have an army of only about nineteen thousand regular troops to protect a border of great extent, open to raids at many points. If any military force penetrates Mexico, it must hold control of railway communications and towns as bases of supply. Carranza's forces, according to latest reports as we write, are pushing northward to occupy these very places and for the declared object of pursuing Villa. Even supposing that Carranza means to act as an ally in destroying Villa, the situation is too critical to make a small force of Americans in Mexico safe. General Funston, in command of our whole force on the border, has been given power to act, and he and General Pershing, who is in immediate command at Columbus, where our forces are assembling, will doubtless act with judgment as well as courage.

Meanwhile the President took up with Carranza, through diplomatic channels, the international question involved in our proposed crossing of the American border. His first communication was a notification of intention rather than a request for permission or co-operation. Carranza replied in a somewhat involved but on the whole friendly note declaring Mexico's sovereignty and inviola-

bility, but expressing willingness that we should cross the border to pursue bandits, and admitting that there were precedents on both sides. Carranza, however, added a demand for reciprocity in these words: "Requesting the necessary permission for Mexican forces to cross into American territory if the incursion which took place in Columbus should, unfortunately, be repeated in any other points of the boundary lines." President Wilson's reply, through Secretary Lansing, offered reciprocity, but not the *same* reciprocity requested by Carranza, as will be seen by comparing the passage above quoted with the following from Secretary Lansing's reply: "Readily grants permission for military forces of the *de facto* Government of Mexico to cross the international boundary in pursuit of lawless bands of armed men who have entered Mexico from the United States, committed outrages on Mexican soil, and fled into the United States." The difference is that Carranza asked leave to follow his Mexican enemies from Mexico into the United States and we grant him leave to follow only invaders from the United States.

Later a statement to the American people was made by Secretary Lansing which we print in full:

In order to remove all apprehensions that may exist either in the United States or in Mexico, the President has authorized me to give in his name the public assurance that the military operations now in contemplation by this Government will be scrupulously confined to the object already announced, and that in no circumstances will they be suffered to trench in any degree on the sovereignty of Mexico or develop into intervention of any kind in the internal affairs of our sister Republic. On the contrary, what is now being done is deliberately intended to preclude the possibility of intervention.

Congress showed its willingness to support the President when on Monday of last week its lower house adopted by an almost unanimous vote (Meyer London, the Socialist member from New York, was the exception) a joint resolution authorizing the President to recruit the army to its maximum strength. This would add about 20,000 raw recruits to its present strength. It was pointed out that there are only about 33,000 mobile troops now in the United States. The Senate will doubtless vote for the resolution before this is read. Many of the National Guard organizations have offered their services, but military men of experience

more than doubt the expediency of dealing with the situation this way.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an editorial dealing with the new issue in Mexico, or rather, as we regard it, the old issue in a new form. The accompanying map will aid the reader to understand the situation. As we write, Villa is said to be near the town of Galeana, and, if attacked, will undoubtedly take to the mountains or by one of the passes enter the State of Sonora.

On March 15 General Funston reported to the War Department that American troops had crossed the border; press despatches say that about 4,000 men are in this advance.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE NATIONAL ISSUES

A most valuable contribution to the discussion concerning the coming Presidential campaign has been recently made by Mr. Roosevelt. Prompted by the active effort that is being made in Massachusetts to elect delegates at large to the Republican National Convention pledged to his nomination, Mr. Roosevelt gave out a statement of his position to Mr. Henry L. Stoddard, of the New York "Mail," who met him at Trinidad in the British West Indies. In this statement Mr. Roosevelt said:

I will not enter any fight for the nomination and I will not permit any factional fight to be made in my behalf. Indeed, I will go further and say that it would be a mistake to nominate me unless the country has in its mood something of the heroic, unless it feels not only like devoting itself to ideals, but to the purpose measurably to realize those ideals in action.

The situation which confronts the country Mr. Roosevelt summed up in language of unmistakable clarity:

This is one of those rare times which come only at long intervals in a nation's history, when the action taken determines the life of the generations that follow. Such times were those from 1776 to 1789, in the days of Washington, and from 1858 to 1865, in the days of Lincoln. It is for us to-day to grapple with the tremendous National and international problems of our own hour in the spirit and with the ability shown by those who upheld the hands of Washington and Lincoln.

Upon the next Administration there will rest a responsibility for the future of the country which cannot be overestimated. Mr. Roosevelt continued:

We must clarify and define our policies. We must show that our belief in our Governmental

ideals is so real that we wish to make them count in the world at large, and to make the necessary sacrifice in order that they shall count surely. We of this great Republic have a contribution to make to the cause of humanity, and we cannot make it unless we first show that we can secure prosperity and fair dealing among our own men and women.

I believe that in a crisis so grave it is impossible too greatly to magnify the needs of the country or too strongly to dwell on the necessity of minimizing and subordinating the desires of individuals. The delegates who go to Chicago will have it in their power to determine the character of the Administration which is to do or leave undone the mighty tasks of the next four years. That Administration can do an incalculable amount to make or mar our country's future.

This statement of Mr. Roosevelt's, placed side by side with the recent pronouncement of Senator Root before the Republican Convention of New York State, goes measurably to prove that the opposition to President Wilson during the coming campaign will not center about a platform of mere negative protest against his Administration. It is to be profoundly hoped that the American people will have presented to them a definite opportunity to choose between two courses of action, and that the Republican candidate, whoever he may be, will represent something more than an opposition political label.

THE NAVAL CONSULTING BOARD

The country has not heard much recently of what the Naval Consulting Board, composed of civilian experts, is doing to increase the defenses of the country. That is not because the Board has not been hard at work. On the contrary, the members of that Board have been putting into their task the same energy that has made them the practical scientific men and engineers of great industries and enterprises. The head of one of the Board's committees has, for example, virtually retired for the time being from the active work of the concern with which he is connected, by the consent of the directors of that concern, and is devoting his time and no little portion of his money to this public purpose.

Secretary Daniels, of the Navy Department, has been subject to severe criticism. In some of that criticism The Outlook has participated. That fact makes it all the more a grateful duty on the part of The Outlook to acknowledge the country's indebtedness to

Secretary Daniels for the appointment of this Naval Consulting Board. The work that the members of the Board are doing is one that involves self-sacrifice which they ought not to be called upon to make, but it is work in which there is nevertheless a reward that appeals to men of patriotic impulse and feeling, and they are undertaking it not only with diligence but with extraordinary intelligence.

As our readers know, the members of this Board are experts chosen by various organizations of engineers and scientific men. They have no partisan purpose. Their single object is to institute, as far as they can, such an organization of the resources of our country that they may be made available for the use of National defense.

Not the least interesting, in fact in some respects the most important, feature of this Board's work is with reference to industrial mobilization. The manufacture of munitions of war under modern conditions requires, in war time, it is said with authority, something like seventy per cent of the manufacturing plants capable in any way of such use. In such manufacture skilled labor is indispensable. One thing that must be accomplished if this country is to be adequately prepared is the collection of data concerning the resources of such factories and their availability for the use and manufacture of munitions. When war breaks out, those factories ought to be under the strict regulation and supervision of the Government, with a limitation, prearranged, on their dividends. The workmen, the foremen, the managers, the engineers, connected with each one of these concerns ought to be trained in peace time for the manufacture of munitions—as they can be without undue interference with their ordinary duties—and should be ready at a day's notice to appear in uniform or other distinguishing mark at their old places prepared for their new duties to the Nation. This illustrates simply one aspect of the problem of preparedness on which this Naval Consulting Board is working.

As a matter of fact, this Naval Consulting Board is not confining its attention, by any means, to the navy. Such a task as it has undertaken is so related to the whole question of National defense that it cannot be held merely to a naval duty. In this Naval Consulting Board it is easy to see the beginnings of a Council of National Defense, which ought soon to be a legally recognized division of the Government. If out of this

Board comes such a Council of National Defense, it will, we hope, not be forgotten that Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, was the first to appoint this volunteer body and to give it freedom to work out its plans.

AMERICAN RIGHTS AND ANTI-AMERICAN HOODLUMS

On Monday evening of last week a great mass-meeting was held at Carnegie Hall, New York City, under the auspices of the American Rights Committee. The purpose of the meeting was expressed in the resolutions which were adopted in support of the President "in his firm stand in defense of the rights of American citizens" and in condemnation of "all members of the Congress of the United States who are willing to surrender those rights under the pressure of German threats;" approving the cause for which the Entente Allies are fighting and urging direct co-operation with them at the proper time; and declaring that there should be no enmity between the American people and the German people. These resolutions we print in full elsewhere.

The extremes to which the pro-German propagandists have gone in this country gave reason for anticipating trouble at this meeting. No one knew what might occur. Precaution, therefore, was taken not only against violence but against disorder. This precaution was justified by the events of the evening. When Major George Haven Putnam, the well-known publisher, veteran of the Civil War, supporter of sane efforts for international peace, and believer in adequate preparedness, the chairman of the evening, began his opening address, he was almost immediately interrupted with shouts and catcalls. He made it at once clear that he profoundly believed that the Entente Allies were fighting for the cause of democracy and liberty, and that their cause was also the cause of America. His allusions to the part that Great Britain and France were taking in this struggle were greeted with genuine applause, but as the applause died down in each case the hisses and yells of disapproval from different parts of the great hall broke out. Some of these shouts indicated that they came from pro-German advocates; others, that they were from persons merely anti-British. What the shouters lacked in numbers they made up by their capacity for noise. Mr. Putnam's appeal to these people on the basis of reason—for he reminded them that they were guests of the

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Robert Carter in the New York Evening Sun



"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale!"
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From Strekoza (Petrograd)



A CRITICAL MOMENT

Germany: "Kaiser, we are on the brink of an abyss! You will break our heads!"
Kaiser: "It will be only my allies that will break their heads. I lost my head long ago."

From Youmoristichesky Sbornik (Petrograd)



FOREFATHERS AND POSTERITY

In olden times the German Crusaders fought the Crescent in order to defend the Holy Land

Now their descendants fight in the Holy Land to defend the Crescent!

From Strekoza (Petrograd)



THE IRREVERENT SON

Kaiser: "Have you heard the news, son? They say that when the war is over they will prosecute us both!"

The Crown Prince: "Yes, my dear father. And I can defend myself on the ground of heredity. That's where I'll have the advantage of you!"

SOME RUSSIAN CARTOONS ON THE WAR

Committee, there on its invitation, and that they were entirely free to have their own meeting if they wished to express their sentiments—had little effect; but the firm and competent force of police in uniform and plain clothes was highly effective.

These disturbers were really most efficacious aids to the cause for which the meeting was called. They roused the spirit of the audience. They provided the punctuation marks, the exclamation points, the italics of the occasion. Every catcall lent strength and power to the applause and the cheers of the three thousand Americans who in this way recorded their profound conviction that America should bear her part in the burden of defending liberty and humanity against despotism and barbarism.

Perhaps the greatest demonstration of approval of the evening was that which greeted the statement of ex-President Stewardson, of Hobart College, when he declared: "We ought to send a message to the President to-night that we want him to say to von Bernstorff that we have reached the breaking-point. Weak persons say this would mean war. I doubt it. But suppose it did. What then?"

It is evident that there is a multitude of people who are no longer willing to sit silent while our Government continues outwardly amicable negotiations with a nation which has not only murdered our citizens but has outraged humanity and defied the decent opinions of mankind.

A CONGRESSMAN IN THE PILLORY

A Democratic Congressman from New York City by the name of Carew has stirred up a hornet's nest. He has thoroughly deserved the painful consequences. His experience may serve as a warning to those public men who are inclined to act on the motto, "Safety first," and to put honor, duty, and the obligations of their trusteeship second.

The very day on which the House of Representatives voted to bury the McLemore resolution warning Americans not to travel on the armed merchantmen of belligerents Mr. Carew prepared a letter which he sent to his constituents. In his vote on that day Mr. Carew recorded himself as opposing the plan that Congress should issue such warning; but in his letter Mr. Carew took upon himself to issue that warning in his own name and

on his own responsibility. He recognized in his letter that "it is one of the rights of an American citizen to travel abroad upon the merchant ships of the belligerent nations," and then continued:

I think that an American citizen who travels on one of such ships is guilty of a treasonable disregard of the supreme patriotic duty which every man owes to his country, never to imperil her peace and happiness. So far as I am concerned, I will be inclined to regard with indifference the fate of a man who disregards this warning.

One of his constituents writes to Congressman Carew that he considers this warning a bit of officious meddling with his rights as an American citizen, paralleled only by the impudent warning of the German Embassy printed a few days before the slaughter of the non-combatants on the *Lusitania*. Another constituent writes that his sister intends to sail home from China next month with her husband and children on a Japanese passenger steamship. He points out that Mr. Carew's letter informs him that Mr. Carew would be indifferent to the fate of these people if their lives were destroyed by German, Austrian, Bulgarian, or Turkish agencies. Another constituent tells the story of a man who learned while abroad that his wife was seriously ill and took the first steamer home without waiting to find out what he should do in the premises, and without waiting for a non-belligerent ship or even to pause for a moment to realize that he can easily get another wife. And still another expresses gratification at the fact that, being a Democrat, he may have a chance to vote against Mr. Carew twice—first in the primary and then in the election.

JEAN MOUNET-SULLY

Close after the death of the great Italian tragedian, Salvini, comes that of the greatest of French tragedians, Jean Mounet-Sully. He died in his seventy-sixth year. His portrait appears on another page.

Mounet-Sully was more than a mere actor. He was in himself a picturesque figure. Born of a family famous in Navarre, he represented in this modern day their knightly and chivalrous impulses. For instance, though he was well started in his profession, he instantly offered his services when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, saw active service, and acquitted himself with signal distinction. Indeed, he became so enthusiastic

about his new calling as to threaten to leave the old.

But when peace came he returned to the old calling, and in a year was admitted to that choicest of all theaters, the Théâtre Français. He was worthy to reach this goal. As a boy he had always wanted to become an actor, but family opposition prevented him from entering upon his preparatory studies before he was twenty-one years old. Once in the Paris Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation (founded in 1784 to train singers and actors for the stage), however, he showed a wonderful proficiency in everything that had to do with the Greek—not only with the Greek drama, but with the Greek art and literature. He ultimately won the Conservatory's first prize in tragedy; and it was natural that his first appearance at the Français should be in the part of Orestes. Of all his rôles taken from Greek history and mythology, however, that of *Œdipus* must remain supreme. Though his somewhat Spanish type of appearance and manner gave vividness to his appearance in such plays as "*Le Cid*" and "*Ruy Blas*," it was as the interpreter of the Greek that Mounet-Sully must be longest remembered. Sculpturesque, decorative, in gesture, with a noble and expressive physiognomy and a richly toned and penetrating voice, Mounet-Sully often crystallized one's idea of a Greek god or a Greek king.

Next to this interpretation, his "*Hamlet*" specially interested English-speaking people. As it was more ranting and less intellectual than Booth's, it fell short of the great American actor's; indeed, Mounet-Sully's mannerisms were accentuated in those passages where the French translation was striking, to say the least, as compared with the English original; as, for instance, in the play scene in which *Hamlet* starts up crying, "*Wormwood!*" Mounet-Sully cried, "*Absinthe!*"

An obstinate person, this Frenchman. One day he essayed to sing the part of Francis I in "*Le Roi s'amuse*." *Délibes*, the composer, who had written the incidental music for it, could not endure the actor's really wretched singing, and exclaimed: "It is impossible to go on with such a voice." "But, monsieur," replied Mounet-Sully, "how do you know that Francis I did not sing with such a voice?"

In 1894 Mounet-Sully came to this country, and was much appreciated. In Paris he was long dean of the players at the Théâtre Français. Among those sixty players no one,

on or off the stage, seemed as much the personification of grief. Mounet-Sully's rôles, always pathetic, seemed to be intensified by his own personal sorrows. In this respect the contrast between him and his home surroundings was striking. He lived at 1 Rue Gay-Lussac, the cheeriest place in Paris, with a view across the scarlet geranium row on his balcony over the lively Luxembourg Gardens and the jolly Latin Quarter.

THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN" COMES INTO PORT

Of all the legends of the sea none is perhaps more familiar than that of the "*Flying Dutchman*." How long that poor old seaman has been sailing around the Cape of Good Hope no one in this generation can tell. For centuries his woes have been recited in the folk-lore of many nations, particularly Holland and Germany. There are living to-day superstitious seamen who declare that the spectral vessel of the "*Flying Dutchman*" is still at large and may be recognized by its coming against a head wind with all sails set—always ominous of disaster.

Before the sixteenth century, according to the generally accepted legend, Vanderdecken, a Dutch seaman, set sail from Amsterdam. Encountering head winds while trying to double the Cape of Good Hope, he blasphemously addressed the elements and swore that he would beat around the Cape if it took till Judgment Day. For this blasphemy he was condemned to sail around the Cape forever, unable to enter a port. A German legend has Herr von Falkenberg as the "*Flying Dutchman*," and he is condemned to sail around the North Sea "on a ship without helm or steersman, playing at dice with his soul for the devil." Wagner, taking the character for the central figure in his opera "*Der Fliegende Holländer*," presented him in a tragic light and absolved him from his penance by the self-sacrificing love of a maiden whom he has met upon one of his periodical visits ashore. Heine treated the "*Flying Dutchman*" somewhat after the manner of a fairy story, permitting him to land every seven years and find a sweetheart. Sir Walter Scott has it that the "*Flying Dutchman*" was originally a vessel laden with bullion; and that, after a murder was committed on board, a plague broke out among the crew, which closed all ports to the ill-fated craft.

Mr. David Belasco appears to have been

swayed by the version of Wagner in the drama of the "Flying Dutchman" which he has written and set upon the stage. This play, newly produced, with Mr. David Warfield in the title rôle, recently terminated an engagement in Chicago. It has not yet been seen in New York. Mr. Belasco has given his play the name of the doomed Hollander of legend, Van der Decken, separating the syllables, as is the case with many Dutch names. The Belasco drama has its impressive qualities, but is more interesting as a piece of stagecraft. The dramatist's conception of the character may be judged from the following notes which he had inserted in the theater programme:

The "Flying Dutchman" . . . belongs to no country. He is universal. He is the Wandering Jew of the sea, the Ulysses of the ocean. According to some, he and his phantom crew man a vessel of very ancient style; according to others, his ship has nothing unusual in its appearance. All agree that the crew is in ignorance of the terrible length of the voyage, but not so their unfortunate captain. Van der Decken is universally acknowledged to be a most courteous and chivalrous man—save in moments of mad despair. In appearance he is changeless. Time has not touched him at all. . . . To me he is a very simple fellow, easily explained; but since the legend will not permit him to be reincarnated, he must stand outside the door of life. But is he not greater than any tradition or explanation? Is he not, after all, the expression of the universal longing for home?

The critics of several cities in which Mr. Belasco's play has been presented have implied that it is neither true nor convincing drama. This is probably due to the fact that, while Mr. Belasco is one of the foremost of American masters of stagecraft, he attempts in his portrayal of the "Flying Dutchman" the difficult if not impossible task of combining the legendary mystery of the past with modern human realism. Van der Decken is made to tell the pathetic story of his yearning for home, and to assert that the sight of his newly born child caused his outburst of blasphemy at the storm. It is only by implication that Mr. Belasco and Mr. Warfield bring out the dominant picturesque and penetrative figure that we have come to know in legendary lore. A good deal of emphasis is placed on the atmosphere of the sea, but in a somewhat fragmentary fashion. Mr. Belasco's lights, bells, and eerie effects are used as symbols and are not altogether

successful as devices to create illusion. The three acts of the play proceed amid much lightning and thunder. The impression that the melodramatic elements of the play make upon some observers is illustrated by the comment of the critic of the Chicago "Herald," Richard Henry Little:

With Providence hurling thunderbolts and blue fire in his face, but with kind-hearted Mr. Belasco keeping a spot light halo on his head, poor old Van der Decken, the "Flying Dutchman," came happily into port at Powers's Theater.

The success of Mr. Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," wherein he portrayed a lovable old New England florist who dies and returns in spirit to his home, probably led Mr. Belasco to write this legendary tale of the sea for this highly capable and intelligent player. Mr. Warfield is one of the best character actors on the American stage, and, while we think his forte is genial realism like that portrayed in "The Auctioneer"—a masterpiece of its kind—his work and that of Mr. Belasco in such plays as "Peter Grimm" and "The Flying Dutchman" are real contributions to the better side of the American stage.

A CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

The people of the small town as well as those of the big city may, if they really wish, hear the greatest music. It is true that without going to the big cities they cannot hear the elaborate operas and music dramas or the performance of modern so-called symphonic poems by big orchestras; but in music, as in other things, bigness is not synonymous with greatness. One of the most enduring of musical compositions was written by Bach for a single violin, without the least accompaniment of any other instrument. There is no greater musical literature than that which is comprised under the general term "chamber music." Under this head we should include all music suitable for performance in a room. Beethoven's quartettes are as great as his symphonies. Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, would remain immortal if all but their chamber music were destroyed. And not only is the greatest music available in this form, but also music not so great, though perhaps none the less welcome and enjoyable, which charms and delights by immediate appeal to the love of melody and color of tone.

And chamber music is not merely confined.

to that played by the familiar piano and the quartette of strings. It includes as wide a variety of instruments as any one could desire.

An illustration of the truth of all this was afforded by the concert given in Æolian Hall in New York City, about two weeks ago, by the New York Chamber Music Society. This organization consists of a piano, two violins, a viola, 'cello and double bass, a clarinet, an oboe, a bassoon, and a French horn. There you have an orchestra in miniature, with a piano to boot. Any town that can supply an audience large enough to provide recompense for ten performers can have at their command an almost inexhaustible supply of the greatest variety of beautiful music.

Let us take, for example, the programme which was played at the concert to which we refer. First came Schubert's Octette in F major. Melodious, of course, for Schubert's mind could not produce anything otherwise. Such a combination of instruments affords not only tone color approaching that of the orchestra, but gives a form of pleasure not obtainable from the orchestra, and obtainable only when the ear can follow the weaving sounds of the individual instruments.

Next to the Schubert Octette came the Sonata in E flat major for clarinet and piano by Brahms. Then a picturesque rhapsody, entitled "L'Étang" (The Pool), by an Alsatian who for thirty-five years has been a resident in America, Charles Martin Loeffler. The instruments in these were the oboe, viola, and the piano. Finally came a *Kammersinfonie* (chamber symphony) for all the instruments except for one violin and the double bass. This is an unfamiliar work by a comparatively unknown composer, Paul Juon, a native of Russia, who writes much like a Frenchman, although for years he has been a teacher of composition at the *Hochschule* in Berlin. Juon's *Kammersinfonie* is devoid of the defects of spasm and sensationalism characteristic of the modern minor tone poets. It follows the sound and enduring standards which are as fundamental for great work in tonal architecture as in the architecture of stone.

Here is a programme that surpasses in interest and effectiveness nine programmes out of ten of the big orchestral concerts. First, Schubert, the gracious host, welcomes one to the fireside. Then Brahms, the consummate artist—this time in a mood to exercise his craftsmanship rather than in an epic

mood—shows one how broad a picture can be drawn with a few simple lines. Then Loeffler comes with a work of colorful impressionism. And, finally, Juon sets one thinking of things that are fundamental, as by the conversation of a man who has read much, thought much, seen much, and found under the superficial disorder of the world the laws and ways of life that are immutable.

The directors of the New York Chamber Music Society are Miss Carolyn Beebe and Mr. Gustave Langenus. They deserve the support, not only of the public of New York City, but also of the larger public in the smaller towns, so far as that public really wants to hear good music. Such organizations as this ought to be multiplied. There is not a town of five thousand inhabitants in the United States which ought to be cut off from hearing such music as the New York Chamber Music Society performs.

AN OPEN LETTER TO BURGLARS

We clip the following news despatch from the always readable New York "Evening Sun":

St. Louis, March 15.

Interest in the spiritual and worldly welfare of burglars in general, and the one who broke into his church a few nights ago in particular, is shown by the Rev. H. A. Cotton, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church of East St. Louis, in an open letter addressed to burglars. The letter follows:

"This is to notify all members of the burglars' fraternity that there is no use going to the Plymouth Congregational Church, for there is nothing there worth stealing, although the one who got in Saturday took away an orange and a fountain pen. I hope the orange did him some good.

"One of the members of the church suggests that he use the pen to write his mother what sort of a fellow he is.

"If this man is in the burglary business because he likes it, I hope he will be caught soon; but if he is in real need and had to do something, the writer would be glad to meet him and help him out of his troubles.

"Special prayer was offered for him at the Sunday morning services.

"Rev. H. A. COTTON,

"Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church."

The "new penology" could not have a more practical exposition. Approach all lawbreakers in a friendly and human spirit; keep the criminal who likes crime imprisoned for the protection of society; but help the

man to get on his feet who is thrust into law-breaking by disease, environment, or circumstances which he was too weak to resist. This is the sum and substance of the doctrine that Thomas Mott Osborne is trying to put into practice in Sing Sing Prison.

FREE TEXT-BOOKS

The three principal factors in our system of education are the school plant, the teacher, and the text-book. As Mr. Monahan, of the United States Bureau of Education, says in his just-published report, the text-book is really more important than it should be. But it will hold this position as long as the present large proportion of untrained teachers are employed.

Hence it is important that good books, selected by competent authority, be in the hands of all children. Can this requirement be met except through free books?

The chief arguments against free books are, according to Mr. Monahan:

1. Parents and pupils are made to realize that they cannot become wholly dependent on the State, but must continue to assume some of the responsibilities of education.
2. Increased school taxes would be necessary.
3. Children should not be required to use books soiled by other children.
4. By purchasing text-books home libraries may be built up.
5. Books furnished free are not cared for as those owned by the pupils.

Whatever one may say as to the first objection, the second is met by the counter-statement from Mr. Claxton, Federal Commissioner of Education, that the cost of text-books for the eighteen and a half million children enrolled in our public elementary and higher schools is not more than fifteen million dollars a year—an average of about eighty cents for each child.

Nor are home libraries always built up by purchasing text-books. "Second-hand books are sold by one child to another; and when changes in text-books are made, publishers allow an exchange price."

Again, as to the care of books, testimony collected from many cities furnishing free text-books indicates that those books are apparently as well cared for as under the individual ownership plan.

HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT

The movement for free text-books began in 1818, when the city of Philadelphia made

provision for them. In 1830 Jersey City, New Jersey, also made such provision. Other cities followed.

The first State to pass a mandatory State-wide free text-book law was Massachusetts (1884). Fourteen other States and the District of Columbia have now followed, namely:

Arizona	New Hampshire
California	New Jersey
Delaware	Pennsylvania
District of Columbia	Rhode Island
Maine	Utah
Maryland	Vermont
Nebraska	Wyoming
Nevada	

In seventeen other States school districts may supply free books if they desire to do so. These States are:

Colorado	New York
Connecticut	North Dakota
Idaho	Ohio
Iowa	South Dakota
Kansas	Texas
Michigan	Washington
Minnesota	West Virginia
Missouri	Wisconsin
Montana	

For instance, in New York State the text-books may be furnished in any city district and in any "union free school district" by the school board whenever a special tax is voted. In the sixteen other States where neither mandatory nor permissive laws have been passed a considerable number of cities and other districts are furnishing books.

All these statistics and statements emphasize the main argument in favor of free books, which, in our opinion, is the fact that many children come from families too poor to pay for them. In addition, there are other families to whom the cost is such an important item that school authorities hesitate to change the books in use, although they know that better results might be obtained by a change. It is true that, as Mr. Monahan reports, in some States which have not adopted free text-books laws have been passed requiring local school authorities to furnish books free to indigent children. This marks as "charity pupils" many who wish to be independent, and is therefore inadvisable.

There are other arguments in favor of free text-books. Mr. Monahan thus summarizes them all:

1. Poor children may attend school as well equipped in this respect as the richer children.
2. Uniformity of text-books in each school administrative district is secured.

3. Books may be changed with little inconvenience whenever changes are desirable.

4. Additional or supplementary books may be supplied, for a general appreciation that the teacher must not rely upon one book is developing.

5. School work is not delayed because some pupils are without books.

These arguments seem to us conclusive. The movement for free text-books is a logical part of the movement for free education.

THE ADVANCE INTO MEXICO

The invasion of American territory by an armed and organized force of Mexicans under the command, perhaps under the personal leadership, of Villa has aroused the Government of the United States to action. That we have the right to pursue, capture, and punish the perpetrators of the outrages at Columbus no one questions. At whatever cost or however far-reaching the consequences, there must be no turning back until the task thus undertaken is fully accomplished. To fail or falter would be a confession of incompetence and a National disgrace. There must be no repetition of the Vera Cruz futile advance and resultless withdrawal. The country is with the President in the course he has taken, and will uphold to the end all lawful means to maintain the authority and dignity thus assailed in New Mexico by Mexicans, be they called bandits, guerrillas, or a factional army. The country, however, should also make it clear to the President that it will not be satisfied with merely a punitive course against a bandit, a force of guerrillas, or a factional army, but will insist that at least a beginning be made of establishing in Mexico a basis for order and for the protection of life and property.

The Administration has been at great pains to point out that the present expedition is not in the nature of intervention, and is endeavoring to secure the recognition and aid of General Carranza, whom the United States has recognized as *de facto* head of the provisional Mexican Government. If this plan succeeds, well and good; but if the fears of a general rising of Mexicans of all factions against our troops should unhappily be justified, or if complications with Carranza occur, then our Government should not be terrified by the sound of the word intervention. The civilians and soldiers who were killed or wounded at Columbus are no more truly

Americans than those who have at intervals for three years been killed or wounded across the border, or than those who in large numbers have been killed, outraged, or plundered in Mexico itself. The right to protection is as strong in the one case as the other.

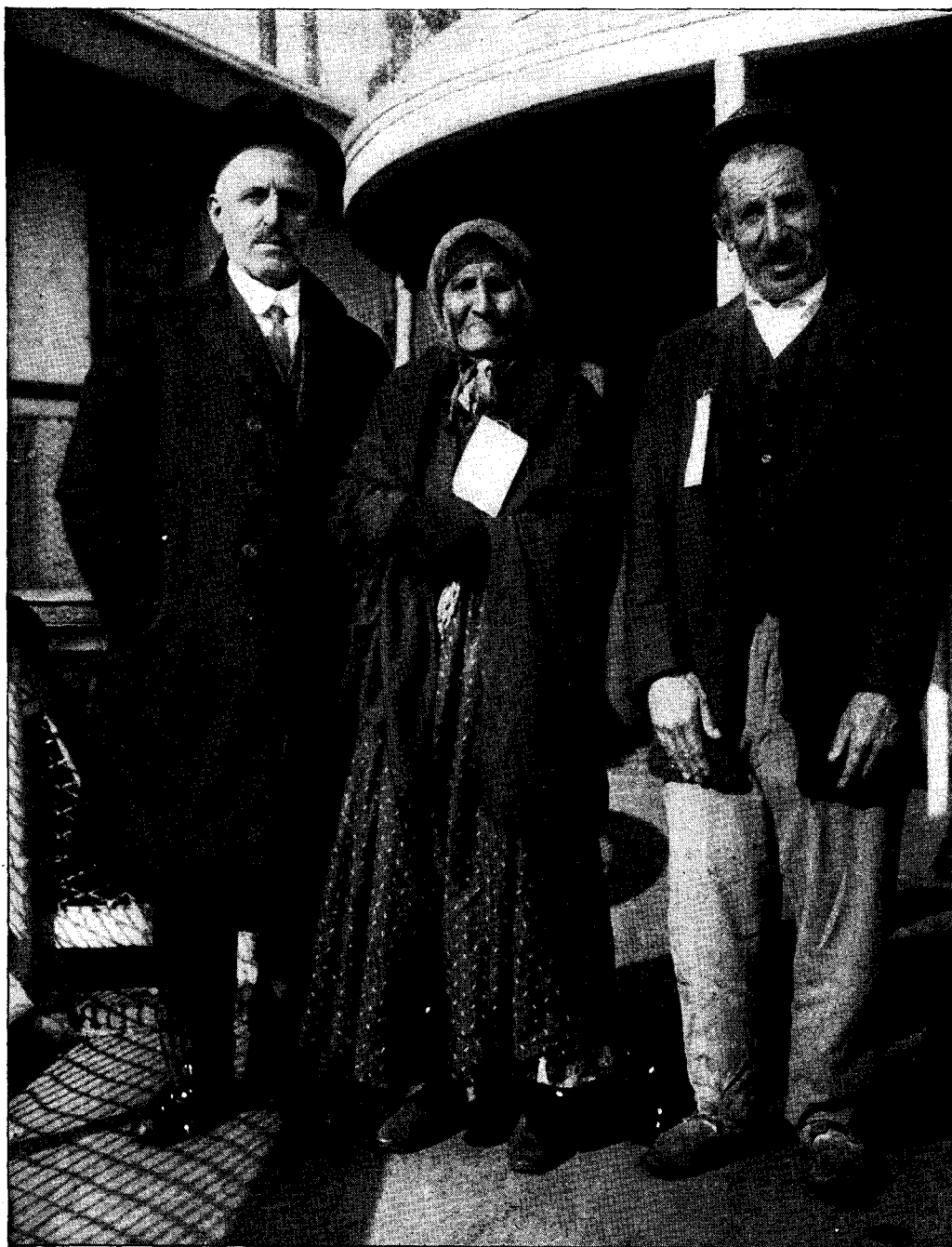
What gives us the right to enter Mexico now? Essentially it is because there is no government in Mexico able to control and punish its own turbulent and murderous elements. Exactly the same reason gave us the right to protect our citizens all through the anarchical alternation of war and brigandage that has existed ever since Madero was murdered. The President can see the right to avenge Americans slain in their own homes, on their own soil, and we heartily praise him for acting sharply and promptly. But in the past the President has not seen that Americans in Mexico are entitled to American protection when Mexican law and Mexican authority leave them the prey to violence.

He is indeed an optimist who thinks that the Mexican problem will be settled with the punishment of Villa. Even as our negotiations with Carranza proceed there are reports that Obregon, a better soldier than Carranza and perhaps an abler man, is drifting into hostility with the First Chief, and that rivalry for the Presidency, or Dictatorship, between Obregon and Aguilar, not to speak of Carranza, may threaten another civil war. Intervention or no intervention, the Mexican question will never be settled until we can assure safety to all American and other foreign life and property throughout the whole country.

The new situation throws a searchlight on the question of preparedness. A newspaper headline before us reads: "Lack of Equipment Holds Army at Border." In the United States Senate the Chairman of its Committee on Military Affairs the other day stated that we could not send more than 15,000 troops into Mexico, and that if war should come with Mexico our forces would face a trained soldiery of from 50,000 to 60,000 men. Senator Smoot added that Mexico was better prepared with munitions and field guns than the United States—Villa got his guns and munitions when the Washington officials regarded him as the one fighting hope against Huerta and manipulated the embargo on arms from this country in his favor. Our regiments on the border, if not skeleton in form, are very far from being at full strength; the idea being that they

(Continued on page following illustrations)

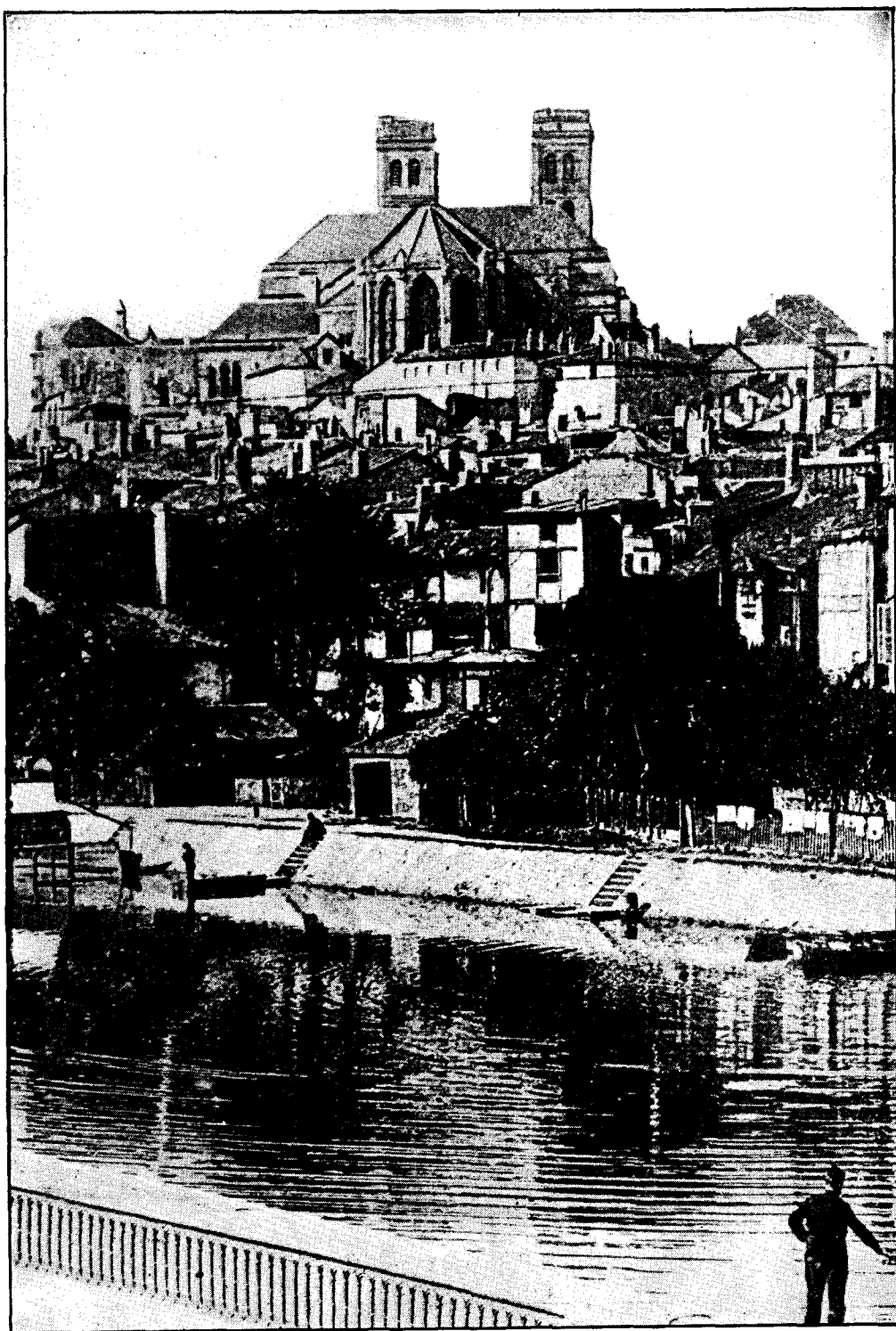
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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A HAPPY SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF "A RED CROSS FLAG THAT SAVED FOUR THOUSAND"

In The Outlook of December 1, 1915, was printed a graphic account of the escape of 4,000 Armenians from massacre by the Turks. By means of a huge flag they brought a French cruiser to their rescue. A number of these refugees arrived in New York the other day on the Italian steamer America. Two of them, son and mother, are seen on the right in the above photograph. On the left is another son, Samuel G. Saklemian, of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, who came to the steamer to join his mother and brother, whom he had not seen for many years, and to help them make an American home



VERDUN, THE FRENCH STRONGHOLD WHICH HAS BEEN SUBJECTED
TO A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT BY THE GERMANS

The picture shows the city as it appeared before the attack. The huge structure in the background is the cathedral. Many buildings in the city have, it is reported, been badly damaged by the tremendous artillery fire of the Germans



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THE MAN WHO HAS BORNE THE BRUNT OF ONE OF THE GREATEST DRIVES OF THE WAR

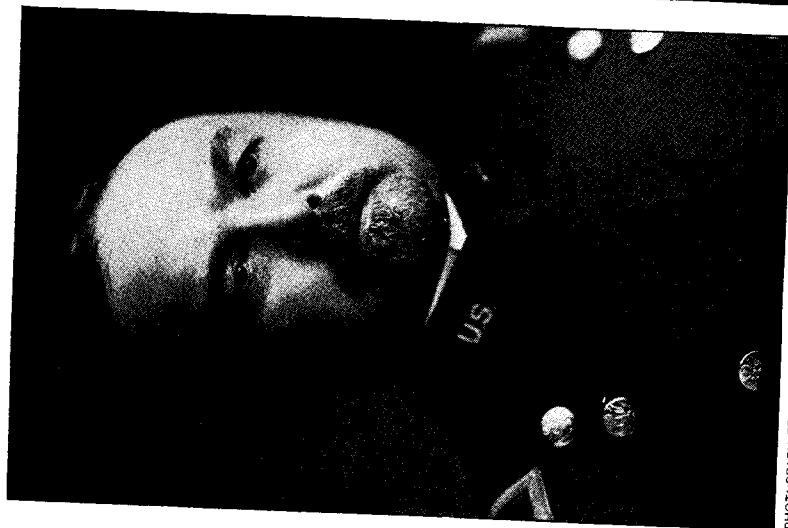
The picture is that of General Petain, who has been in immediate command of the French forces which have defended Verdun against the terrific attacks by the German armies during the past few weeks. General Petain stands in the foreground with his hands behind his back. He is consulting with General Baumgarten, who, it will be seen from his appearance, is a typical French soldier notwithstanding his Teutonic name



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, INC.

THE SCOURGE OF MEXICO, VILLA, STARTING ON A BANDIT RAID

Villa's notorious deeds of outlawry have recently reached their climax in his daring raid into American territory, resulting in the death of several Americans and in a situation that requires the sending of American troops into Mexico and thus raises the whole Mexican question afresh



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON
Commander of the U. S. Troops on the border



PHOTOGRAPH BY FELDMAN STUDIO, EL PASO

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING
Commander of the El Paso Division



PHOTOGRAPH FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

COLONEL HERBERT H. SLOCUM
Of the Thirteenth U. S. Cavalry

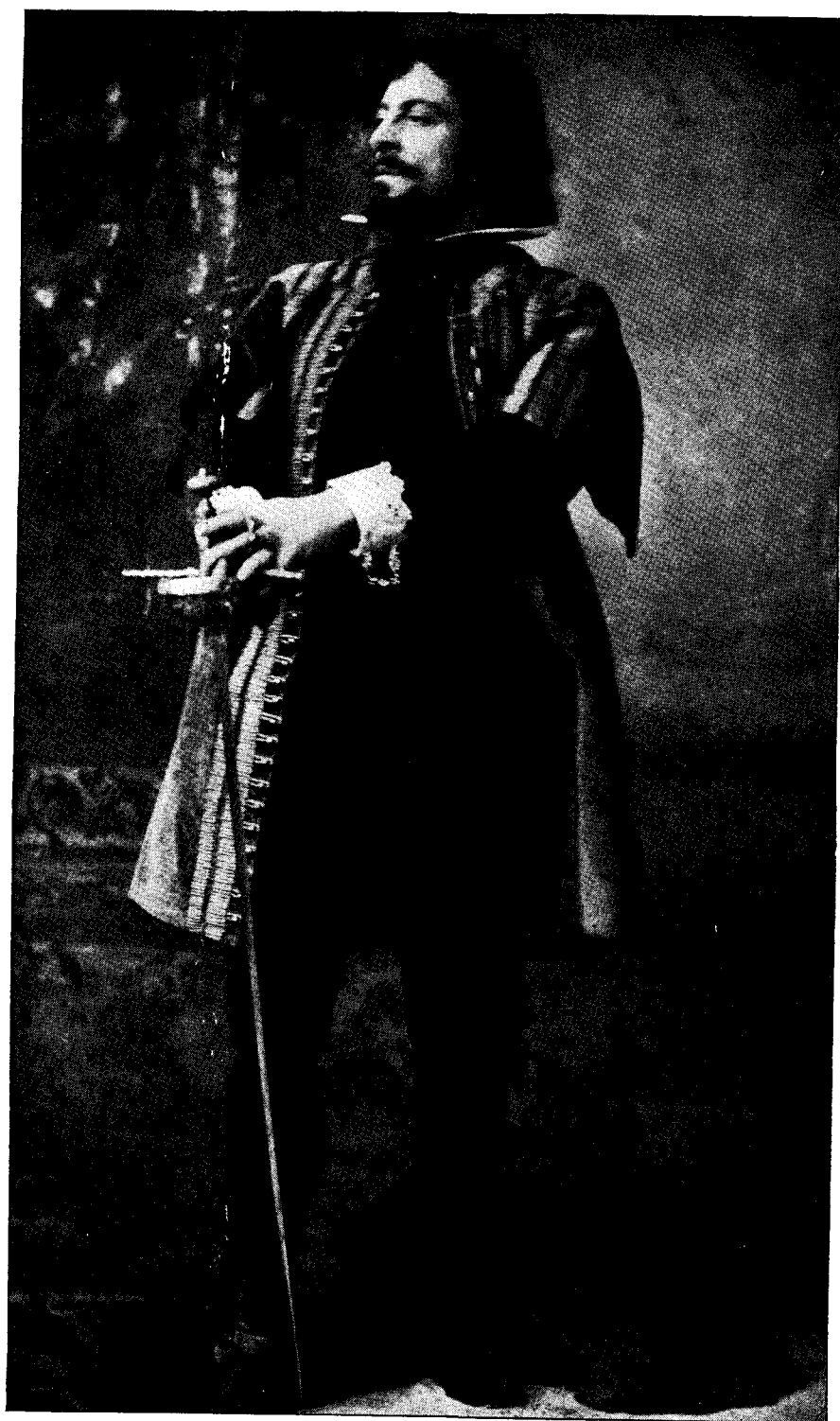
MILITARY LEADERS OF THE UNITED STATES FORCES ON THE MEXICAN BORDER



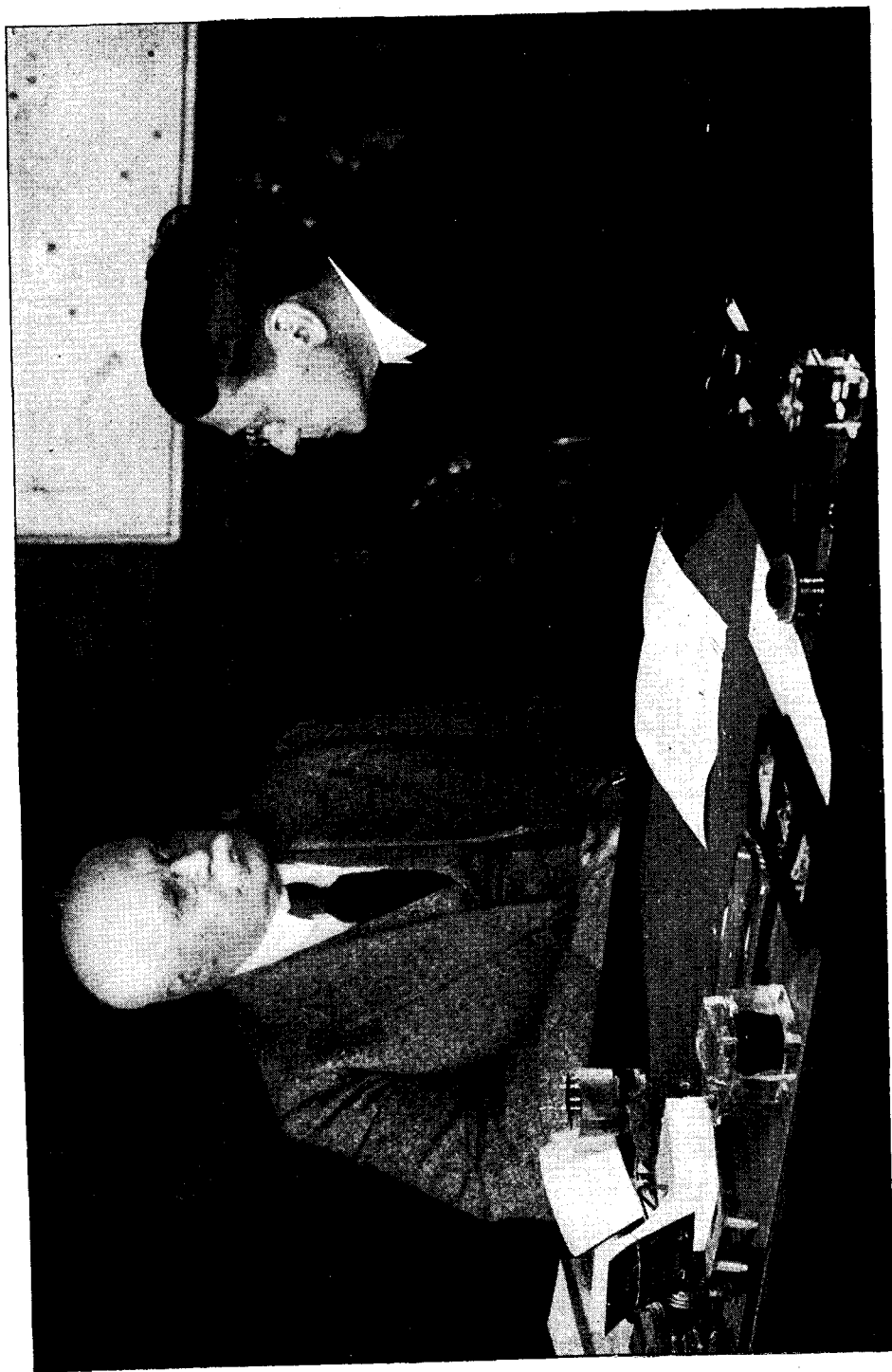
PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE

DAVID WARFIELD AND JANE COOPER IN THEIR NEW PLAY, "VAN DER DECKEN"

This play, founded on the legend of the "Flying Dutchman," is commented on in our editorial pages. In the above picture Van der Decken (David Warfield) is telling the story of himself, the doomed mariner, to the young woman who has redeemed him from his curse]



MOUNET-SULLY, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTOR, AS RUY BLAS
For an account of the career of M. Mounet-Sully, whose death occurred recently, see editorial
pages



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THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR, NEWTON D. BAKER

Mr. Baker, who has entered upon the duties of his office at a time which calls for the abilities of a Stanton, is seen on the right in the picture, conferring with Major-General Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff of the United States Army and Acting Secretary of War during the interim between the resignation of Secretary Garrison and the appointment of Mr. Baker

should be filled up in time of war with reserves. But there are no reserves. It would be a waste of words to point the lesson of the situation.

That the United States may work in unison with Carranza is possible. Rightly our Government, in reply to Carranza's demand for a reciprocal right to cross the border, has offered exact reciprocity—namely, that, as we are to be allowed to pursue those who have invaded our territory from Mexico over the border, so Carranza may pursue back over the line into the United States any persons who unlawfully invade Mexico from the United States. This is just and equal; but it is not what Carranza demanded, which was the right to pursue his Mexican enemies into our territory when they flee from him over our border. Very likely Carranza may have accepted our terms before these words are read, but there seems to be at least a possibility of trouble here.

One thing should be borne firmly and constantly in mind: Whatever we do now or hereafter in Mexico must be for Mexico at least as much as for the United States. We made at Vera Cruz a beginning in showing Mexicans what good government, order, and civil justice mean. We now have an opportunity to renew this interrupted lesson. This, and not merely to capture Villa, is what will make Mexico livable. In Cuba and the Philippines we have proved that *rurales*, or native constabulary, could be used to enforce law, and have demonstrated how the idea of self-government could be implanted and fostered. There will be no free Mexico until the people have been helped and trained to educate themselves to bear responsibility and abhor savagery.

LENTEN AWAKENING

The Lenten season is peculiarly one of introspective and meditative quiet. So it should be. Once a year is not too often for men and women to enter the confessionals of their own souls and to narrate to themselves in that most sacred and intimate place of private communion which man possesses each his own record of sloth and sin.

As there is a Lent for the individual, so there is a Lent for the nation. As there is a personal conscience, so should there also be a national conscience. Communion with conscience is not always a happy occupation,

but it is often wholesome and revivifying. There are those who believe that nations do not possess souls—that nations may possess treasuries, conduct industries, execute punishments, discover economic laws, but may not profess to be actuated by altruism, moral impulses, or shame for past misdeeds. Such interpreters of national life do not, we feel sure, read the history of civilization aright. Poetry, art, music, and the whole range of biographical literature are full of the faith that the truest and greatest national spirit is a moral—if you please, a religious—spirit.

To such a national spirit Lent comes not merely as a time for meditation, but as an awakening; for a national Lent means not only a confession of sin and failure, it means also an awakening of moral purpose and right action. Lenten confession is of no avail unless followed by Lenten efficiency. If as a Nation we are indifferent to the sufferings of humanity, to the injustices committed against it, to its aspirations and longings for freedom, to its calls for help, we are not only guilty of a sin of omission, but we are in danger of losing our National soul through the atrophy of its moral fiber.

Nothing is truer than the ancient saying that the love of prosperity—for money is but a symbol of prosperity—may be the root of all evil. Is it true that our beloved Republic, begotten and conceived in the spirit of liberty and human rights, is to-day suffering from the corrupting moth and rust of prosperity?

With such heart-searchings, and with the high resolve to fight against such corruption, our Nation should have not only a penitential but a militant Lent.

IF

If the great heroes of the past had all been pacifists:

There would have been no William of Orange to resist the Duke of Alva, and the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in full power throughout all western Europe from the Mediterranean to the Baltic.

There would have been no Oliver Cromwell to resist the despotic rule of the Stuarts, and England would have become a second Spain.

There would have been no French Revolution, and the France of the Bourbons as Young described it in his travels and as

Dickens portrayed it in "The Tale of Two Cities" would be in all essentials the France of to-day.

There would have been no George Washington, no American Revolution, no Declaration of Independence, and on this Western Continent no Republic "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Happily for the human race, the spirit which seems to animate a portion of our present Congress did not animate their Dutch, English, French, and American ancestors.

THE ANONYMOUS SPIRIT

It was a young Italian on board a transatlantic steamer who, stopping a fugitive hat as it was about to disappear over the side, exclaimed, in the joy of a newly acquired vocabulary, "I have caught an anonymoose hat! Who shall belong to it?"

Any playwright will tell you that it is very bad art to drag in a character by the ears and then hustle him off the stage the instant he has played his part in the exposition of your drama. But, with apologies to any playwright, we shall take the liberty of jettisoning our Italian friend, retaining for editorial purposes only the adjective he so pridefully employed.

On the whole, it would be an excellent thing for the world if workers, as well as hats, were more often devoted to the anonymous spirit. We do not for an instant refer to the tribe of writers who spoil pages of foolscap with rantings concerning the venality of editors—and invariably forget to add their names or addresses. We are speaking of all workers who have thoughts to express—whether through the medium of pens, hoes, or chisels it matters little.

Even the best of workmen are destined to end as anonymously as the individual builders who go to make up the bulk of the coral islands in tropical waters. For some the process achieving oblivion is slower than for others. Yet the figures and faces that last longest in memory become, by the time they disappear over the horizon of antiquity, so much like the looming vision of a desert mirage that they lose almost all touch with reality.

An ex-newspaper reporter, who is by no means an anonymous character in modern literature, in his poem "The Files" tells the

story of the accumulating and obscuring dust of time:

"Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,
It will interest them to hunt among the files,
Where, unvisited, a-cold,
Lie the crowded years of old
In that Kensal Green of greatness called the files—

Where the dead men lay them down
Meekly sure of long renown,
And above them, sere and swift,
Packs the daily deepening drift
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—
The obliterating, automatic files.

You've a better chance to guess
At the meaning of Success
(Which is Greatness—vide press)
When you've seen it in perspective in the files."

It is true that workers must live, and that advertising is one of the surest means of securing a livelihood. About the only exception to this rule for modern workers can be found in the case of those who can advertise the fact that they have no need to advertise.

But it is not of livelihoods that we are thinking when we speak of the need of more anonymous workers. The bubble reputation may be an excellent thing for the pocketbook of a soap manufacturer, but in the long run it has only a small part to play in whatever satisfaction he takes in his work. The anonymous spirit of which we are thinking is not a question of dollars and cents. It is not a question of dodging responsibility or of enjoying well-merited praise. It is a question of finding in the dignity of any work its own reward, without regard for the personal equation. Moreover, the anonymous presentation of any subject, from an egg to an editorial, at once relieves it of that attending host of confusing thoughts which surrounds every issue that can be made a question of personality.

If we eat a good egg, we are not moved to inquire concerning its author's views on the social status of incubator chickens, or whether its creator prefers to take her dust bath under a raspberry bush or a peach tree. Nor do we think that the hen responsible for our breakfast has any right to claim such consideration on our part. Somewhat the same attitude of mind might well be assumed by and towards the world of grocers, editors,

CLARION

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

God send a prophet tongued with flame
To sear the Nation's self-content ;
Lest writ in words of livid shame
Ye read, *eternal banishment.*

Dread banishment from those High Halls
Your fathers builded wide and deep.
Once, twice, and thrice the trumpet calls,—
How long shall ye lie bound in sleep?

The skies are dark with homing ghosts.
With Belgian blood the world is red.
Through the salt sea in piteous hosts
Still troop the phantoms of your dead !

Shrill-voiced your chosen leaders cry
The need of freedom for your gold.
Thank God the men at Concord lie
Too deep to know what ye have sold.

Was it for this the ancient hand
Carved out the riches of your soil ?
Then let the sea blot out the land,
The storm blot out the wasted toil !

Blot out the dream of Washington,
Blot out the vision Lincoln knew,
Blot out their hope of air and sun,
Bring back the night they overthrew !

Once, twice, and thrice the trumpet calls,—
The sword is nigh, the sword is come !
Awake, O watchmen on the walls,
And lift your dead hands to the drum !

truckmen, and poets with whom we come in contact on every hand.

A poem is a poem, no more and no less, whether it be signed by Thaddeus Pringle or Rufus Jones. If it moves us, it has accomplished its mission. If it fails to move us, so far as we are concerned it might as well be written in Sanskrit in the drifting snows of Mount Everest.

Few things have really endured because of the name tag attached. A work that is worthy of immortality will live as the Scotch ballads have lived on the lips and in the hearts of the people that gave them birth. The surest

immortality of a thought is that which Longfellow describes in "The Arrow and the Song."

But we must turn again to that ex-newspaper reporter, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for a description of the heaven to which all good workers should aspire. It is indeed a land where

"... no one shall work for money, and
no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in
his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God
of Things as They Are!"

AMERICAN RIGHTS

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT THE MASS-MEETING OF THE AMERICAN RIGHTS COMMITTEE AT CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 13, 1916

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the American Rights Committee and their friends, in general meeting assembled, hereby pledge our hearty support to the President of the United States in his firm stand in defense of the rights of American citizens, as announced by him in his letter of the 24th day of February, 1916, to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and we condemn all members of the Congress of the United States who are willing to surrender those rights under the pressure of German threats.

Whereas, We hold that Prussian Imperial militarism has brought about the subjection of the people of Germany to an ambitious and unscrupulous autocracy and the corruption of the ancient German ideals through a dream of world dominion; and

Whereas, We believe that the success of the schemes of this Prussian autocracy means the crushing of friendly nations and the subjection of their peoples to a brutal and cruel military rule; and

Whereas, We believe that, intoxicated with the military successes of 1864, 1866, and 1870, and by the wonderful development of the economic strength of the country, the ambitions of Prussian leaders have expanded until they have culminated in a world war for imperial domination; and

Whereas, This war has been conducted by Prussia and her allies with practices of unprecedented barbarity, including the killing, under official orders, of thousands of non-

combatants, women and children, and including the crowning atrocity of the Armenian massacres; and

Whereas, We believe that the Monroe Doctrine and even the territories of our own country have been, and now are, an avowed aim of Prussian aggression, and that, in the event of the success of the Teutonic Powers, the next attack would be made against the United States; and

Whereas, Without undertaking to approve all the acts of the Entente Allies in the present war, we hold that the republicanism of France and the democracy of England are united in contending for those rights of the people and those ideals of humanity which are essential to the preservation of civilization; and

Whereas, We believe that neutral nations look to the United States as the leading Power that should maintain the principles of international law and defend the sacred principles of humanity, that the peoples of these nations are convinced of the righteousness of the Allied cause, but hesitate to declare themselves, and that action by the United States would have a potent influence upon hesitant neutrals and would tend materially to shorten the war, to save further sacrifice of human life, and to assure the more speedy triumph of law and justice;

Now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the safety and honor of the American people and their duty to defend and maintain the rights of humanity require us to approve the cause for which the Entente

Allies are fighting, and to extend to these Allies by any means in our power, not only sympathy, but direct co-operation at the proper time, to the end that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth; and

RESOLVED FURTHER, That, in spite of the unwarranted destruction of American lives.

there should be between the American people and the German people no enmity, and that, when the Germans shall abjure, with the dream of empire, the pernicious ideals of their present rulers, the Americans will rejoice to come again into fellowship with them in the work of advancing the true ideals of justice, humanity, and civilization.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE AFTERMATH OF THE CONGRESSIONAL INSURRECTION

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

I REFER to the recent serious flurry in Congress about armed liners. Some folks call it a conspiracy, deliberately against the President, but in its ultimate effect against the Government of the United States. And it was a Democratic insurrection or conspiracy at that. The Republicans in the Senate, under the wise leadership of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in the main supported the President heartily. In the House more Republicans voted against the President than for him, narrower, pettier politics having prevailed in a great issue. "I thought Jim Mann had some sense," said a distinguished Administration lieutenant to me, speaking of the House leader. Many of the House Republicans, while grudgingly conceding to the President what they call a great "paper" victory, excuse themselves for their opposition by denouncing the method of the President and the form of the gag rule involved in bringing the McLemore resolution to a vote. But the inconsistency of the final amendment to the Gore resolution in the Senate and of the "Whereas" clauses in the House resolution, the shutting off of debate, and the employment of the autocratic power of the Rules Committee—these are poor talking points for the Republicans against the clear, fundamental issue and the result. The one hundred and two Republicans are entangled in the odium.

But at bottom it was an act of Democratic insurrection, conspiracy, treason, according as you view it. It is viewed in all these aspects. Nothing is more difficult to analyze than the motives which actuate men.

I am not trying to do that, but I will recite the facts as I understand them. The trouble originated among the Democratic members of the House who have never been actively in sympathy with the President's ideals or policies. In the first place, the House, very likely without any set purpose, was organized against the President. As much as anything else, this was due to the rule of seniority. Mr. Clark, of Missouri, long the Democratic floor leader, naturally became the Democratic Speaker. Under the same usage, Mr. Kitchin became Chairman of Ways and Means; Mr. Henry, Chairman of the Committee on Rules; Mr. Fitzgerald, Chairman of Appropriations; and Mr. Flood, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. These men are all in positions where they may be helpful or hurtful. Mr. Clark has had reason, from his own standpoint, to be resentful ever since the Baltimore Convention. He seems not to have forgiven Bryan nor the President. Undoubtedly the activity of Mr. Bryan in the Convention resulted to Mr. Wilson's advantage. There is the most direct evidence, however, that immediately before the Convention Bryan regarded the nomination of Wilson as totally inexpedient, that he carried with him on his travels and exhibited a compilation of segregated sentences torn indiscriminately from the works of Woodrow Wilson tending to give color to the suspicion that Mr. Wilson had deliberately offended Italians, Hungarians, Germans, English, French, Russians, Turks, and nearly every other known race or nationality on the planet! And the stenographic reports of

the Convention lend color, so the President's supporters think, to the belief that Mr. Bryan was always against somebody rather than for anybody, although the sum total of his activities unquestionably resulted in Wilson's final triumph. Bryan was for Bryan, so the friends of Wilson say. And although the public manifestations of personal hostility between Bryan and Wilson have not been significant, there are evidences of vigorous opposition in Bryan's spirit since he left the Cabinet. It is one of the curious features of the recent insurrection that the Clark element and the Bryan element should have got measurably close together once more. Not that Mr. Clark and Mr. Bryan met in conference, but their lieutenants now seem to recognize each other when they meet. Which is another illustration of the age-old maxim to the effect that politics make strange bedpartners. Mr. Kitchin appears to have had no resentful motive. He is naturally opposed to the President's policies. He is bitterly antagonistic to the idea of preparedness and has not been averse to discrediting it. In other words, the tinder of personal and political feud and opposition lay all about.

But the actual inciting cause of the outbreak was an alleged indiscretion of the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Flood, who was reported by Mr. Kitchin and others to have come from the White House declaring that the attitude of the President was alarming; that, practically speaking, the President was not indifferent to the idea of war with Germany; that he had gone so far as to suggest that it would perhaps be a good thing for this country and humanity, and the sooner terminate the struggle. It is due to Mr. Flood to say that he denies having made such affirmations, but there is no doubt that it was spread far and wide through the House and Senate as having come from him. It is a question either of unaccountable misunderstanding or of veracity. In any case, the match was applied. The McLemore and the Gore resolutions were introduced into Congress.

The President did not precipitate the crisis. It is impossible to hold him responsible for the unfortunate public discussion which followed. As soon as the resolutions were introduced the newspapers were full of the attempt of Congress to usurp executive functions and interfere with the business of diplomatic negotiation. At their request, the President made an appointment with Clark,

Kitchin, and Flood—Clark, the Speaker; Kitchin, the floor leader; and Flood, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He protested to these titular leaders against this attempt to interfere with his executive functions, and represented to them that he had already been seriously embarrassed in his dealings with Germany because of the reports which had gone to Berlin of the divided counsels of the Government over the armed merchantmen issue and other matters. He intimated that it was not very creditable to the Democratic leadership of the House that this collision and confusion had arisen. Clark, Kitchin, and Flood were understood to have agreed to attempt to suppress the issue on the Democratic side. This is what the President wanted done, and with it he would have been content. But before nightfall another complication arose. The three Congressional commissioners came from the interview with the President, and immediately a statement was given to the newspaper correspondents which carried the very tone of benevolent condescension, of toleration of the President and his leadership for a time. The interview rather superciliously intimated that the trio had told the President that they would endeavor to hold in leash for a season the impatient patriots of the House. Mr. Clark, the Speaker, gave out a definite statement that he had told the President—his reference was obviously to the McLemore resolution—that, if it ever came to a vote, it would carry by two to one—"some people thought by a vote of three to one."

Immediately the President was placed in an embarrassing position, and was aroused to resentment. These men were representing to the country and to the world that, as a matter of favor, they would undertake for a time to suppress the insurrectionists; that if, ultimately, the Congressional resolution usurping the power of the Executive should come to a vote, the President would be over-ridden two, or perhaps three, to one. All this was telegraphed by wireless to Europe, and our Ambassadors cabled in return that it was having a most unwholesome influence and effect. What was the President to do but to insist that this matter be brought at once to a decision? If Congress was to interfere to the extent of repudiating what he had done or proposed to do, the sooner he knew it the better. He did not ask Congress to stand by him. What he did was in the nature of a challenge to the legislative

branch of the Government. He summoned them to the bar of public opinion.

And the men who had cleverly brought on the crisis were the first to step softly and propose a compromise. They suggested that they would offer a pretty little resolution of confidence in the President. The President rejected the proposal. He was not seeking, he said, a resolution of commendation from the legislative branch of the Government. He declined to have anything of the sort done. He insisted upon a fair and square vote—either the adoption or the rejection of the McLemore resolution. It was a challenge that they go on record. He refused to be caressed with one hand and disemboweled with the other, after the manner of Joab and Amasa.

There is an ineradicable belief among a large element in Congress that the insurrection, while it involved men of honest but mistaken conviction, originated neither in patriotism nor integrity of purpose, but in that dreary slough of petty personal feud and party friction which has long made of American politics a byword and a reproach. The insurrectionist leaders were assisted in their purpose by the rather widespread sentiment in the country against being drawn into the war by those whom the Republican leader, Mann, referred to as the joy-riders of the ocean. It is a revelation at once of the difficulties under which the President has labored, and of the fundamental unfitness to rule of the Democratic spokesmen in Congress. It seems to have been the hope of the opposition that the incident would either discredit or disgust the President, so that he would have nothing further to do with the leadership of his party.

The aftermath of it all indicates that the President not only had his nerve with him, but his wits. If anybody tells you that Wilson is not now in real control of Congress, do not spend any time listening to him. There will still be a few Democrats from Kansas and thereabouts whose constituencies are so opposed to preparation for war that they will be obliged to vote against one or another of the measures of the President. But even these have already made their peace, and a lamb-like quality of spirit pervades the Democracy beneath the dome of the Capitol. The fight was wholesome. The atmosphere is clarified. The President is strengthened with the country. He has served notice on the cloak-room *junta* of Democracy that it

cannot intimidate the President of the United States. And it is now at their own peril that they will interfere with his programme. Poor Washington is beginning to find out that, whatever his defects, the President, as a member of his own Cabinet put it to me, "is a damn smart man." The McLemore affair was, in effect, so close to an act of National treason that the fear of God and of the country now rests rather heavily upon the bosom of cleverness and cunning and petty vengeance and party strife.

I look to see the Congressional programme go through about as the President wants it. Just what the programme will be does not yet appear. The great defect in it at the moment is on the revenue side. Whatever is done in the way of preparation against war, for example, has to be paid for, and provision to pay for it ought to be one of the earliest of considerations. But not even a plan appears to be formulated, and the whole matter of increased taxation is nebulous in the extreme. Revenue bills originate in the House of Representatives, and here is another count in the general indictment of the brains and purpose of the Democratic leadership in that body. Since the President tentatively put his foot in it by suggesting certain impractical forms of taxation in his Message, he has kept out of that muddle. Undoubtedly sugar will go back on the dutiable list. That it ever went off seems to have been another of the blunders of the Bryan constituency in the House in the early Cabinet days before their leader was unhorsed. There is no reason why the Democratic theory of a tariff for revenue only should not be held to be consistent with a duty on sugar, which is a great revenue getter. But again the sentimental idealism of Mr. Bryan, whose followers in Congress seem to have been averse to "taxing the breakfast table."

Strangely enough when you consider the impractical financial vagaries of Mr. Bryan, it appears that his appointment as Secretary of State was one of the most providential things for the country that ever happened, except his resignation. It seems to be the general view of those who know that if he had not been in the Cabinet he would have thrown his whole influence against the Federal Reserve system. But he was on the inside, where slight concessions could cautiously be made to him, and where every step could be discussed with him in advance. And, as a result, he was of tremendous help in getting the Federal Reserve Bill through

a naturally suspicious and narrow-visioned House membership on the Democratic side. And there is only the faintest, far-away shadow of fiat government responsibility about our currency system.

The naval programme of the President will be quite complete from the Democratic standpoint, but will not please the men who believe in an offensive and not simply a defensive navy. With Congress now so quietly eating out of the President's hand, Secretary Garrison, if he had felt that he could stay by, might have been able to secure a good measure of what he was after. But nobody, not even the best of the President's supporters, extracts much hope from the plan of Federalizing the State militia. Men who bear the brunt of leadership know how difficult it is, under the most favorable circumstances of National control, to get anything done, because of the divergencies of view on the part of men whose eccentricities you have to encounter, and whose twisted judgments you sometimes have to respect. How much greater the despair of dealing adequately with forty-eight different types of gubernatorial eccentricity, perhaps including a Blease, of South Carolina, who was ready to muster out the whole militia of the State because of an imagined affront to himself! The only really adequate quality about the Army Bill appears to be its equitable distribution of the products and proceeds of the "pork barrel."

And the expert Tariff Board will in all probability go through. And very likely the bill for a naval auxiliary merchant marine. And the Child Labor measure—the opposition to that seems largely to have faded out in the country. And the Land Mortgage Bank Bill and the Rural Credit measure will be before Congress about the middle of April. There is a disposition also to expedite the measures which have to do with the use and leasing of the vast sources of water power on both navigable and non-navigable streams. The need for the cheapest power to convert the nitrogen of the atmosphere into a form in which it can be employed as an ingredient of munitions of war is a dominating cause of the hurry. The War Department measure known as the Shields Bill, dealing only with navigable streams, which has already passed the Senate, is in its present form far from satisfactory to the Administration, and must be modified freely in the House before it is signed by the President. The debate in the Senate over this measure

was a depressing example of the continued struggle between National and States' Rights sentiment—Alabama and Colorado standing shoulder to shoulder in the name of the local water power interests under cover of an outworn States' Rights political philosophy.

And the appointment of Brandeis will in all probability be confirmed. Although the whole matter has been reopened, and strong pressure is being brought to bear through the American Bar Association, there will probably be no insurrection about that either. But what a furor still goes on about it underneath, particularly as it may affect the Republican candidate for President! A short time ago the Republican political managers and the business adherents of those managers, who contribute the sinews of war, appeared to be centering on Justice Hughes as the best vote-getter and the easiest man with whom to beat Wilson. And then along came Brandeis. From the point of view even of certain honorable great property interests, Brandeis is a dangerous man on the Supreme bench. They think of him there for twenty years, writing propagandist minority opinions, to be read far and wide by the American people, exceedingly able, and, if Hughes is withdrawn, nobody on the bench to whom the whole Nation will listen in reply. But Hughes could meet him there, so they think, and the Nation would listen to Hughes and trust him. And not only that, but the nomination of Justice Hughes would mean, they say, one more appointment to the great Court by President Wilson, and there will be certainly yet another appointment to be made soon. All of which has aroused no end of perplexity among strong men in politics and finance, who will not have a second-rater nominated by the Republicans, who believe the Nation needs a strong hand, and who were becoming rapidly reconciled to the thought of Justice Hughes in the Presidency. But the Supreme Court, rather than the Executive or the Legislature, is the last great testing-ground of justice and fair play for the property interests of the United States. And the President is to have his way with Brandeis! I am only uttering out loud what I am sure is running through the mind of the able Republican business and political leaders. It surely is a harrowing year!

And Mexico. There is no Congressional insurrection to bind the President's hands about that. He will have full scope and responsibility there. The morning after the

invasion of American soil by Villa and his bandits, Washington was melted into unity by the hot wrath of the Nation. The President will have full opportunity now to test whether he has been right in treating a state in anarchy as if it were a state in sovereignty. Who knew best the character of Villa and his followers—the Administration or the members of American households on the border, who have kept the rifle behind the door not more to defend themselves and their homes than to shoot their own wives and children rather than have them fall into the hands of the bandits of “a neighboring Republic”? The raising of the embargo, the free ship-

ment of arms, the sentimentality of Bryan for Villa, and of the A B C League and of the Administration for the cheap old demagogue Carranza—every American of red blood turns from the contemplation of that record with a despair lightened only by the flash of determination indicated by the remark of the President to his Cabinet on the morning after the invasion: “We have put our hands to the plow, and we must not turn back until we reach the end of the furrow.” And of course no country that would do any less would be worth its salt in the family of nations.

Washington, March 14.

A STAR OF HOPE FOR MEXICO

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WHAT can we do for Mexico? In the first place, we can try to understand her. We cannot expect to help Mexico effectually until we first understand her people and their history, institutions, and aspirations. What, then, does the history of Mexico teach us? What, for example, is the meaning of the series of revolutions which have been going on in that country for the last hundred years?

These revolutions, including this last long one, have all, at bottom, been phases of a blind, misguided struggle of a strong, ignorant people for liberty. They sprang from a desire of the common people to realize the benefits of democracy, whose catchwords had reached even to them, but whose terms they only vaguely understood. They constitute a contest against a feudal system approaching slavery. They were chiefly, although not entirely, the strivings of an oppressed people to win for themselves and their children a small place upon the soil of their native land.

These blind efforts have failed of their ends largely because of the ignorance of the people and the lack of true and unselfish leaders. There has never been a middle class in Mexico to supply leaders for the people in their struggles with the feudal lords. Organized public opinion is the only basis for democratic government, and this has never existed in Mexico. The only newspapers are controlled by the Government, by the landlords,

or by the big corporations. There are no real political parties. The only politics are wholly personal, and the only political organizations are gangs formed to advance the interests of leaders whose names they bear. There are no political campaigns to educate the voters, but only processions and rallies intended to impress them. There is, in fact, no free political discussion of any kind. Elections in Mexico, consequently, are either farces or frauds.

Organized public opinion and the free discussion of political affairs so necessary to free government cannot exist where the masses of the people are ignorant. The only solution of the Mexican problem, therefore, will be through the establishment of public schools which will educate the people to know their rights, and train men to lead them in their struggles to win these rights.

Most people think that the largest part of the Mexican population is a mixed race of Spanish and Indian blood. The Mexican census is inaccurate and incomplete. As Mexicans of any intelligence desire to be considered as having European blood, the returns with regard to parentage or race cannot be relied upon. The best authorities tell us that the *mestizos*, or people of Spanish-Indian blood, are not over forty per cent, and that the people of pure European blood are certainly not twenty per cent, of the whole. The people of pure and mixed European

blood together constitute thus only about sixty per cent, or six million, of the fifteen million souls in Mexico to-day. The nine million Indians, more or less, constitute some fifty aboriginal tribes in various stages of semi-civilization—and some still in savagery—distributed all over the country from Sonora to Yucatan. This vast area of Mexican territory contains only about twenty persons to the square mile. Were it populated as densely as portions of the United States, Mexico would support a hundred million people. Vast arid regions render this impossible, but it could readily support four times its present population.

The Spanish invaders and their later followers brought a marvelous mixture of blood into Mexico. Spain was the great melting-pot of the Old World's peoples—Iberian, Roman, Celtic, Vandal, Goth, and Semitic—and sent all these strains to mix with the hundreds of Indian races supposed to have come originally from Asia. If the blending of a variety of strong bloods makes a great people, Mexico should be a powerful nation.

The Mexican people have always been sharply divided into an upper and a lower class, there being practically no middle class, and no room for one under the present agrarian system. The peons and Indians—people without land of their own—make up perhaps eighty per cent of the population of Mexico, or twelve millions out of the fifteen.

In judging this people we must also take into consideration the experiences through which they have passed in the centuries since the Spanish conquest. After the army of Cortez had swept the country and divided the land and the surviving Indians among his followers, they and their successors, the Government and the Church, combined to suck all the life-blood they could out of the people. Aside from ineffective protest, the Church acquiesced in this exploitation or openly shared its proceeds, although it did soften its worst horrors. The material resources of the country were partially developed. Cities and *haciendas* were established and mines opened, but the wealth from both farm and mine was poured into Spain.

Under Spanish dominion the education of the people of Mexico was resisted and retarded by many powerful influences. The landlords, the mining and lumber companies, preferred ignorant laborers because they were easier to exploit. The peon was a mere unit of physical force, a "hand," and they wanted

to keep him such. All employers, therefore, united to keep him in ignorance. Monastic and other religious organizations flourished, but they did little to educate the people. The theologians even questioned whether the natives had intellects like other people, and the whites and mixed-bloods came to be spoken of as *gente de razon*—people with reason—as distinguished from the Indians, who were supposed to have none. By farming out taxation and selling grants and privileges the viceroys, governors, and other Spanish officials added their burdens to those of the State and Church, and the unfortunate people bore them all.

The social organization, consisting only of the exploiters and the exploited, though somewhat fluid at first, under this government soon hardened into tradition. Life for the poor man was without incentive or hope, and for three centuries the history of the Mexican was the dead level of uneventfulness. Under such conditions ten generations labored and passed away. Such experiences inevitably made a deep and lasting impression upon the character of the people. They not only widened the social chasm, they weakened and debased the man, making submissiveness a habit and resistance impossible. With no motive in life except to eat, drink, and propagate his miserable kind, the common Mexican became idle, sensual, and brutal, the spirit of *mañana* ruled his life, and a profound fatalism locked his spirit in death.

Under the system of *repartimientos* the lands were originally divided among those who merited well of the Crown, and the native people were seized along with the land and made to work for the new owner as slaves. This system was so grossly abused that it had to be abandoned, and then a more polite way of accomplishing the same thing was introduced. This was the plan of *encomiendas*, under which a certain number of Indians were "commended" to the landowner, to be civilized and Christianized by him. He promptly enslaved the whole lot, binding them to his land, which they could not leave so long as they were in debt. This system had for the proprietor all the advantages of slavery as it existed in the United States without its obligations.

Many efforts were made to abolish this system, but without success. The missionaries from the old country denounced it, some of the viceroys condemned it; but it was profitable to all governing classes, and it

kept the Indians in order. Working was good for the souls of the peons. Left to themselves, they would wander about the country, gamble and fight. So even the priests were brought to think well of the plan. The land yielded a living easily. In that fine climate the simplest houses and fewest clothes sufficed. Why should the priests trouble themselves to educate the Indian? He was happy as he was. After a generation or two of monks had passed away the local churches came under the control of a native priesthood almost as ignorant as their parishioners. The ceremonies of the Church degenerated into the crudest formalities wrapped in the crassest superstitions derived from previous Indian practices. There were a few private schools for the sons of the rich, a few institutes for professional training, and a few seminaries for priests, but no public schools, no school-houses, no teachers, and no funds provided to educate the masses. Occasionally there was a parochial school in which the catechism and the lives of the saints were taught by rote, but these schools rarely ever taught the children to read. Under these conditions the people drifted gently down the stream of years in contented ignorance.

As is always the way, the social distinctions between chiefs and common Indians, between Spanish landlords and peasant *mestizos*, settled down upon the criterion of wealth. Most of the Indian *caciques* dropped into the lower class, as did the unsuccessful Spanish. The descendants of the *hidalgo*, as well as of his soldiers, failing to acquire lands or mines, slid down the social scale along with their half-blood kin into the great conglomerate mass of poor at the bottom. The constituents of this mass became each year more and more indistinguishable. By the time of the national emancipation, therefore, a population of five or six millions had been stratified into an upper and a lower class, and of the total at least nine-tenths belonged to the lower class. All elements are represented in the upper class; all bloods are found in the lower class. The Mexican people are practically one. The classes differ only as they have enjoyed opportunity and have used it. The only differences are in possessions or in traits resulting from opportunity or the long want of it.

In studying the last one hundred years of Mexico's political development one must keep this dark background in mind. These

conditions, as well as the nature of the people and the institutions fastened upon them by their conquerors, must all be considered in interpreting the period of liberation which opened for Mexico, as for all Latin America, in the early years of the nineteenth century. In all our judgments of Latin-American people, present as well as past, let us be fair and remember who they were and what they have suffered. Anglo-Saxons are inclined to be too conceited and arrogant. We should remember, for example, that the Latin conquerors preserved as slaves the native races, instead of killing them off or driving them out, and we should also remember that it was not the makers of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, but the founders of the Inquisition, who gave the Latin-Americans their first governments.

The desire for enlightenment everywhere and always follows the struggle for liberty. So we find that the intellectual movement in Mexico received its first great impulse from Hidalgo in 1810, and progressed throughout the century by ebb and flow as the political revolutions came and went. Though each political uprising awakened the minds of the people, the actual progress of enlightenment under the conditions described was necessarily very slow. After experiences such as the people of Mexico had endured it was not possible for mere political liberation to transform them in a day or a decade into intelligent, self-governing citizens. Many of them were still semi-civilized Indians, and nine-tenths were absolutely ignorant at the opening of this era. What had been three centuries in the making could not be undone in one hundred years.

The general movement for freedom in Latin America was awakened by the successful war for independence of the English colonies in America and tremendously stimulated by the French Revolution. The times were then ripe in Europe, and the prepared peoples seized the opportunity to win new liberties. But the people of Latin America were not ready; the oppression of centuries had trained them so long to submission that they were dazed in the presence of the opportunity. When Napoleon paralyzed Europe, the shackles fell from Mexico almost without her knowing it. Thus Mexico got her independence too soon and too easily. The clock of destiny struck too early for her.

For years the people of Mexico had been restless; they wanted something better, but

they did not understand this thing called independence, with which the world was ringing. Mexico in the nineteenth century resembled one of her ancient volcanoes. The fierce heat lay smoldering within her rock-bound sides; an occasional upheaval, accompanied by a few deep murmurings, relieved the pressure temporarily, but the central fires remained smothered. The great eruption did not come until the middle of the century.

Some weeks ago the Pan-American Scientific Congress concluded its second meeting in Washington. The one note that ran through all the papers and addresses at this Congress was the unity of America and the duty of its different peoples to stand together. It is interesting to trace the origin of this idea of unity in the support of free government throughout America. Such ideas grow with the years, and it is not possible that exactly this conception of the duty of the various nationalities to each other and the world should be held by any American in these early days. But the root-idea that America as a whole stood for the right to self-government had existed in the minds of the seers for at least a hundred years. This was the covenant preserved in the American ark, and to the defense of this covenant all Americans were forever dedicated. This was the continental thought of the men of '76, and this has been the inspiring principle in every declaration of independence published on this hemisphere. As far as I have been able to learn, the most significant early expression in Latin America of this idea of Pan-Americanism was in the plan of the Spanish revolutionist Miranda for the *Grande Reunion Americana*, a secret society organized, 1800 to 1810, for the purpose of uniting the people of Central and South America in a struggle for independence.

Undoubtedly Father Hidalgo, the first Mexican liberator, had heard of Miranda. "*El grito de Dolores*," the cry from the City of Sorrows, as the independence call of Hidalgo was designated, was the first utterance in Mexico of this Pan-American idea. This call was, "Long live America! Death to bad government!" Hidalgo did not say, "Long live Mexico! Death to Spain!" but "Long live America," Pan-America, the anticipated home of good government, as opposed to the Old World, the home of bad government. History tells us that he declared for the independence of Mexico as a part of self-governing America. Like our Declaration, it indeed was the demand of an oppressed

people for the right to govern themselves, but it was also an expression of the ideal of Pan-America, destined to be the hemisphere of democracy.

Desperately angered by the interference of the Government with his efforts to teach the people letters and industry—for he had been instructing them in reading and figures and training them to rear silkworms and to make pottery—Father Hidalgo, of Dolores, on a September Sunday morning in 1810 summoned his pupil horticulturists and potters, forced the village prison, liberated the political prisoners, rang the parish bell, and called the people, in the name of Him who came to bring all men abundant life, to declare themselves free. Thus was sounded, by a representative of the Saviour of men, the Liberty Bell of Mexico. The spirit of the first democrat was moving his people.

The beginnings of this century-long struggle have been recited for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that these were genuine uprisings of a people seeking liberty and opportunity, although seeking it blindly, and for the purpose of explaining the occasion for the next great proclamation of Pan-Americanism. Iturbide sought to gain support for his selfish schemes by declaring that there was on foot a plan for the re-establishment of Spanish authority in Mexico which it was his duty to prevent. Whether any such scheme existed is doubtful, but the belief that it did had an important influence in bringing the support of the United States to the new Republic. In his Message of December, 1823, President Monroe, therefore, made that epoch-making utterance warning European governments forever to keep their hands off the American continent. The significance of the doctrine, understood originally to be for the United States only, we are just beginning to appreciate in its continental aspects. The events of the last two decades have shown us the wisdom of this forgotten doctrine, which now promises to be the foundation stone of the structure of our Pan-American union. Buoyed up by this declaration, the independent government of Mexico set out upon a career which, though often in desperate danger from violent reactions, has gone steadily forward.

For the generation following, the evil genius of Mexico was Santa Anna, who overthrew its constitutional guarantees and involved it in difficulties with the United States, and then left it in a condition of anarchy.

Juarez, the little Indian of Oaxaca, was

the most unselfish, wisest, and bravest of all the Mexican patriots. He was the real liberator of Mexico, and the real founder of her school system. A Constitution modeled after ours was proclaimed by him. A series of laws known as "Reform Laws" were passed, guaranteeing liberty of worship, separation of Church and State, and equality before the law for priest, soldier, and common man. A vigorous mortmain law aimed at the immense holdings of the religious orders was enacted.

It is impressive to note that Juarez understood perfectly the distinction between the rights of the Church and the rights of the people. His struggle was not against the humble parish priests, but against the higher clergy and the far too numerous religious orders. It was against the hierarchy, the successors of the men who in the colonial days had been the counselors of the kings, viceroys, and commissions, and who held tenaciously to the idea that they ought to share in governing the people, that Juarez fought, and not against the Church of the people.

Though the early leaders in the movement for independence were earnest partisans of popular education, and passed some elaborate laws for its establishment, they failed to carry them out. Perhaps it was impossible at the time. The Constitution of 1824, copied after the American Constitution, and establishing universal democracy, was wholly unsuited to Mexican conditions. The American Constitution was a compact entered into voluntarily by States having had previous separate existences, and made up of Anglo-Saxon men already trained in self-government. The Mexican States had no such history and no such citizens. They were States only in name. The government had always been strongly and autocratically Centralist, and to such a country and such a people the American Constitution was absolutely unadapted.

The responsibility of self-government was conferred upon an illiterate and untrained mass of people, a large proportion of them practically slaves. When they were freed from Spanish control, nine-tenths were still under the heel of landlords. "No nation can exist half slave and half free," said Lincoln. With the masses still in serfdom Mexico made no progress in democracy.

The struggles in Mexico since 1810 have been one long contest between the forces of

autocracy and democracy. The various parties have borne many names and have had many confusing associations, but have remained substantially the same two hosts—the army, the Church, the landlords, and mine-owners on the one side, and the mass of the people, for the most part landless and moneyless, on the other. One phase of this was the contest between the Centralists and the Federalists. During this struggle the question of which power, the national or the State, should be responsible for education was earnestly discussed. As, however, the political center of gravity was constantly shifting from one to the other of these conflicting powers, nothing was decided and little done.

Another difficulty was the poverty of the treasuries of both the States and the nation. Continuous revolutions had left the people in a wretched condition and almost without funds. *Haciendas*, churches, and towns were alike stripped of every form of wealth—the people were bled white by war.

Such conditions gave the national government the excuse to turn over the financing and control of the schools to the States, and the weak and impoverished States proceeded immediately to pass the business on to the *municipios*, which, like our New England towns, covered large country districts. Nothing was accomplished by this shifting of responsibility. If the nation was bankrupt, the States were also exhausted; and, if the States had no money, the towns from which they derived their revenues were, of course, equally impoverished. So that, even after the authority was given them to establish schools, the towns were unable to support the stupendous undertaking.

In face, however, of these tremendous difficulties some beginnings were made, which show how deeply the people were concerned. It is a remarkable fact that in the law promulgated by the State of Nuevo Leon (1825) the principle of compulsory attendance on schools was laid down. Professor Martinez, in his "Review of Education in Nuevo Leon," Mexico (1894), quotes this Constitution as commanding the city government "to promote the proper education of the young and establish endowed schools of primary grade, to see to the due conservation and right government of those already in existence, respecting always the rights of individuals and corporations." The same Constitution directs that in all villages primary schools should be

established, in which should be taught "reading, writing, and the principles of numbers, the catechism of the Christian doctrine, and a summary explanation of the duties of citizenship." It is only within the last few years that we have introduced instruction in civics in our schools.

Another great difficulty faced these early school enthusiasts, and this was the lack of teachers. To solve this problem the Mexicans seized upon the Lancasterian system of teaching the elementary branches, which was popular at the time in England and in America. It seemed to suit their conditions exactly; and, as a matter of fact, it did fit in with their impracticable schemes. It was the old monitorial system carried to the extreme. It proved a failure in Mexico, as it did everywhere, though it did some good by calling attention to the duty of educating all the people.

Among the things for which the administration of President Diaz should receive credit were the suppression of religious persecution and anti-foreign demonstrations; the suppression of brigandage, always a characteristic of Mexico; the development of the natural resources of the country, especially by the policy of encouraging investments by Americans and other foreign capitalists; the consolidation and improvement of the railways; the partial abolition of peonage; the standardization of the currency; the encouragement of education; and the maintenance of liberty and equality before the law.

Though at the beginning a sincere representative of the masses of the people, Diaz, as his administration went on, became more and more involved with the upper classes. He has even been accused of being unfriendly to public education. He certainly did not wish to make education a national matter, and opposed a proposition to establish a centralized system of schools. In this he was right. The initiative in educational matters, in elementary education especially, should be left to the local authorities.

In spite of opposition from his own people, who thought he was altogether too partial to foreign investors, Diaz pushed the policy of subsidies for railway lines, exemption of import duties on factory machinery, and relief from taxation during specified periods for productive industries. The result was great improvement in the economic conditions of the laboring classes, especially in the mining districts. But the wants of the

people began to grow with their wages, and they began to question and to investigate. For centuries they had expected nothing and were resigned to a miserable lot, but now their very prosperity made them restless. They commenced to inquire why it was that a few men had more land than they needed, while others had none, and why taxation was so much heavier on the poor man than on the rich.

The Diaz Government found itself unable to solve the problem of taxation and land tenure. Those efforts proved a failure which sought to put a rate upon the immense holdings of land that would make them unprofitable, and thus open them up for settlement by the small farmers. The mere effort to do this caused great dissatisfaction among the land barons, and its failure bitter disappointment to the people. Such were the elements that led up to the Madero revolution of 1911.

The unfortunate Madero's part in this struggle is well known. More truly than any one since Hidalgo and Juarez he represented the real people of Mexico. While he made the land question the chief one in his platform—much to his sorrow later, for he was totally unable to do anything to solve the agrarian problem—he also represented the aspirations of Mexicans for education and equality. Like Hidalgo, he was a dreamer. We admired his idealism and felt deep pity for his weakness.

Enough has been recalled to show that this series of Mexican revolutions has been one long struggle for liberty, for opportunity, especially on the land, and for the right of self-government. It was a succession of forward movements followed by reactions, but, as is the rule in human affairs, a little progress was registered by each effort.

Summarizing now the educational situation in Mexico at the present time, we may set down the following propositions:

1. The present leaders of the people are thoroughly committed to the cause of public education. The Constitutionalist party and its leader are pledged to the development of the schools.

2. It is agreed that the initiative shall be left to the local committees, the *municipios*, and the States, perhaps, with the supervision and direction from the national Government, but with no centralized control.

3. The people are firmly determined that these schools shall be, as they say, "free, lay

(secular), and compulsory." The leaders are intensely opposed to Church control of the schools.

4. In organization the schools follow the French plan rather than the American, the primary grades being comprised within six years, four called "elementary" and two called "superior." Since they were left to the initiative of the local authorities, the schools do not cover the field and vary much in excellence. Some cities have fairly good schools, but the majority of the country schools are poor. The instruction is generally limited to the three R's, and is very indifferently given by poorly trained teachers from the lower orders of society. It is safe to say that three-fourths of the people of Mexico are still illiterate.

5. Mexico has nothing that corresponds to our high school. The *institutos* resemble the French *lycées* rather than our American high schools. They may be roughly described as a combination of grammar school, high school, and the first two years of college, with a few professional studies included. Opposition to the Church has led the State authorities to oppose the introduction of Latin and to substitute in its place modern languages and elementary science, with the result that the courses are very superficial. In addition to the institutes are what are called "preparatory schools," hardly distinguishable from the lower grades of the institutes which give instruction in elementary and secondary branches.

6. Normal schools have been established in most of the States, and are attended for the most part by poor boys and girls. It is unfortunate that, owing to the prevalent aristocratic feeling, the sons and daughters of the well-to-do do not go into the teaching profession, with the result that it is looked down upon. One reason for this is that the pay is small and the sons of the rich expect to enter more lucrative callings, but another reason is that the Church frowns upon the secular normal school as the foundation of the whole irreligious public school system, which is to her anathema. This pressure on the conscience of the religious, combined with social ostracism, results ultimately in limiting the attendance to the poorest classes of youth, who, with nothing to lose, brave all and go to the State normal schools.

7. The universities in Mexico owe their origin entirely to the Church. The one of chief importance was the University of the

City of Mexico, established in 1551. Opened in 1553, it continued throughout the colonial period and barely survived the revolution of 1810-21. From the beginning it was occupied primarily with theology and jurisprudence, its faculty of letters being secondary. As the Church ceased to dominate the government theology was dropped, and only law and medicine remained. When later these schools controlled the professional licenses, they became the football of politics. In this way the University fell into disrepute. Once or twice it was suppressed, and finally it was dissolved into its constituent parts, separate schools of medicine and law. One of the last acts of the Diaz Administration was an attempt to revive the University of Mexico City, which, however, failed during the subsequent confusion.

What can we say in conclusion? There must be a way for the Mexican people out of their terrible situation. What is their duty, and what is our duty as their neighbor? It would be foolish indeed to propose, at this time especially, a solution of the problem of Mexico, but it is not foolish to try to learn what their history teaches with regard to their needs and their aspirations.

The Mexican must have, not only land, but an education. Though he has been struggling in his blind way for liberty for a hundred years, for the want of intelligence and of character he has failed to secure his freedom. A thorough system of schools which shall provide universal education is, without question, the greatest need of Mexico.

Does the proposal of universal education for Mexico seem absurd? Why is it more absurd than the proposal to educate the Cuban, the Porto Rican, and the Filipino? It should not be more hopeless than the education of the Indian or the Negro. No doubt it will require a long time even to establish the necessary schools. It will be the work of generations to qualify the thirteen million ignorant people for intelligent citizenship, but education offers the only method of making men fit to be free.

Believing that the Mexico of the future must be built by its people, and that they have little to contribute to its structure but their native intellectual and spiritual abilities, I have sought to get a just estimate of them from those who know them best. A native Mexican who was educated in Massachusetts and who has taught in the United States as well as his own country, where he was head

of a large college and superintendent of public schools of a State, assures me that the Mexican peon is the equal intellectually of the Italian, the Hungarian, or any of the other immigrants among us, and fully as capable of self-government. A Protestant missionary teacher, who spent thirty years in Mexico at the head of schools, and is now connected with one of our universities, testifies that the Mexican peon has all the qualities to make a citizen of a republic if he were only educated and given a place on the land. The superintendent of one of the large petroleum companies of Mexico, who has used the peon men for ten years, tells me that they are as teachable, industrious, faithful, and loyal mechanics and laborers as any men he has ever employed. The president of the largest Mexican railway system, who has employed these people for twenty years—as track laborers, shop mechanics, locomotive-drivers, and conductors, as well as depot agents and clerks—is warm in his praise of the common Mexican, who, he declares, needs only an education and a chance. Many other witnesses might be cited to the same effect. In the course of a wide inquiry into the character of these people, the only pessimists found were among business and professional men in Texas, New Mexico, and California, who have come in contact with the worst types of Mexicans—the poor laborer seeking work, the border trader, usually a smuggler, or the cattle thief and bandit. Those who know him best and in his own country believe the common Mexican has in him the making of a man and a citizen.

In addition to elementary education and training for citizenship, Mexicans, of all men, need industrial and agricultural education. Although Father Hidalgo started his revolution in protest against interference with his industrial schools for the people, schools of this type have made little progress. They are the great need. Agriculture in Mexico and the mechanic arts are very primitive. The rich man objects to manual labor as beneath his dignity. Technical and industrial schools are needed to overcome this sentiment. Practically nothing has been done for agricultural education. In view of the richness of the soil and the other resources and the need of men to develop them, industrial and agricultural education would seem to be one of the most important tasks before the Mexican people.

Mexico has no college or university of the

modern type. She needs intelligent leaders, but she has no institution to train them. One of the best possible things, therefore, that could be done for Mexico, while helping her to start her elementary, agricultural, and industrial schools, would be to give her an independent modern college of the type of Robert College, of Constantinople. The advantages that would accrue to Mexico from a college of that type are too evident to need argument. Its influence on education, on politics, on industry, and on morals would be all the greater because of its independence. Only such an institution can train Mexicans in a way to make them into the wise, unselfish, and independent leaders the people need.

We have pledged ourselves to stand with the other nations of the Western Hemisphere in making democracy a workable principle of government. Close to our doors we have fifteen millions of people who, through ignorance and the habits that come of ignorance, have failed to differentiate liberty from license and have subordinated federalism to factionalism. Mexico cannot have a free and ordered government so long as the great masses of its people are illiterate. A democracy must be based on an organized public opinion, and such a public opinion can be made possible only through a system of education which, while it trains in the industrial arts, also disciplines the character and develops leaders of scope and vision. The best aid to a man is to help him help himself. Our best aid to Mexico would be to help that nation train itself.

In the wretched situation in which we find Mexico at the present time there is one encouraging element. In their dark night there is one bright star. It is the star which through the long and weary night of the last hundred years has ever beckoned them forward. This star is their desire for liberty and for education. In spite of their ignorance, stupidity, and brutality, this is the one thing for which we must admire the common people of Mexico. Through a century of struggle they have nurtured this desire for education, and have been true to this ideal of self-government. However miserable their present plight, and however outrageous their recent conduct, we must believe that, holding stronger than ever to this desire and this ideal, the people of Mexico are to-day nearer to the realization of their aspirations than ever before.

THE ALASKAN FORESTS

AN INTERVIEW WITH HENRY S. GRAVES, THE UNITED STATES FORESTER

BY L. M. LAMM

IN spite of the fact that this session of Congress is scheduled to spend a great deal of its time in discussing the defensive plans of the country, it is certain that the Alaskan question will again come to the front. This is foreshadowed by the rumors now current in Washington that certain Western interests which have for years wanted the National Forests there abolished are laying their plans for a fresh assault upon Congress.

Just now these interests are trying to persuade the people of the country that the National Forests of Alaska do not contain much timber, and that what there is has practically no value because of its inferior quality.

Last summer the Chief Forester, Henry S. Graves, spent two months studying the Alaskan situation on the ground, and inspected the work of the Forest Service in its administration of the Chugach and the Tongass National Forests. In setting forth his own observations Mr. Graves, speaking of the Prince William Sound region, a portion of the Chugach Forest, said:

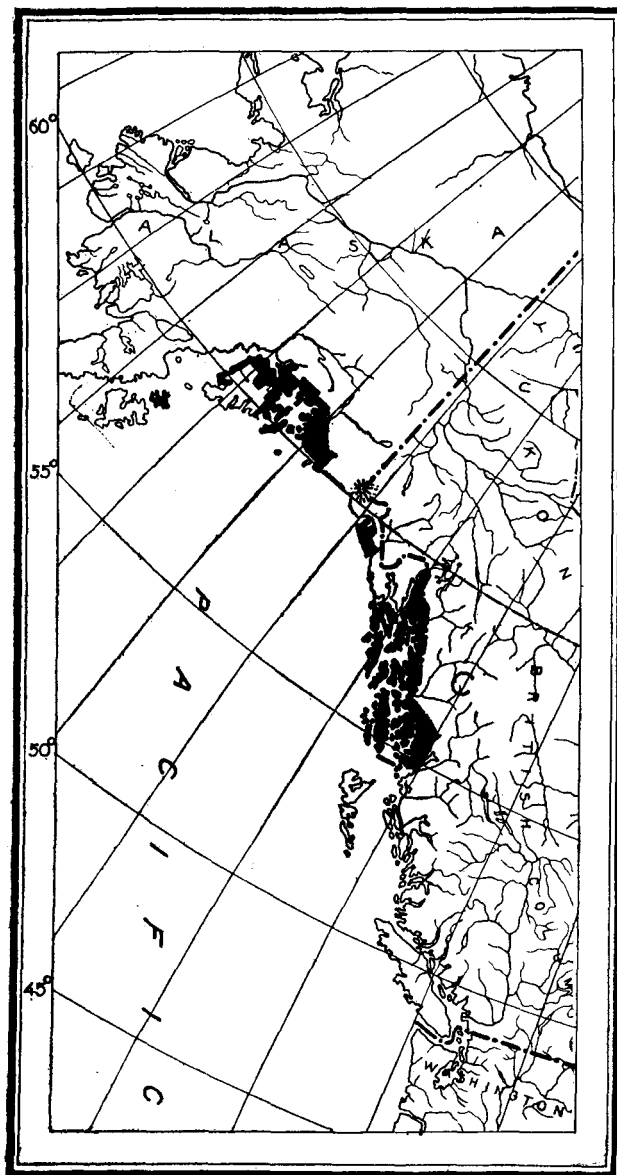
"Many travelers get a false impression of the Prince William Sound Forest. For the most part the timber occurs near the shore in a relatively narrow belt backed by high mountains. In many places the external appearance of the forest is deceptive because of the scrubby hemlocks occurring along the rugged shores, and because there are here and there dead snags that are conspicuous as one looks against the slopes. But when one gets into the forest he is surprised to find, even in the most unpromising-looking places, spruce trees from two to three feet in diameter and over one hundred feet high, and yielding more than one thousand board feet per tree. There are many stands which average over considerable areas from ten to twenty thousand feet per acre, and in some places there are stands which will run as high as fifty thousand feet per acre. This is in the Chugach National Forest, about which there have been for a number of years the most contradictory reports. In the Tongass, which lies nearer the Pacific States, the timber is still heavier.

"While the timber of the Chugach Forest will not, to the extent of that in the Tongass,

enter into the general lumber markets of the country, there nevertheless is in the aggregate a very large amount of timber of useful size and quality, which will be of great importance in the industrial development of the region near the forest. The Chugach National Forest has been a storm center of Conservation for a number of years. One corner of the Chugach Forest contains some coal claims in the Behring field. Because of the controversies arising out of the Behring coal claims, it was charged that the existence of the Chugach National Forest prevented their development. As a matter of fact, it was more or less of an accident that any of the coal claims were included in the Chugach Forest, and most of them were entirely outside, on the public domain. Moreover, the existence of the forest did not have the slightest effect on the legality of the claims, because the mining laws are applied to the forest exactly as to the public lands. The Chugach Forest was prominent in controversies a short time afterwards when a small area was eliminated around Controller Bay. Ever since that time there has been an effort to abolish the forest, which finds expression from time to time in bills in Congress. It is, however, just as important to retain in public ownership and control the Chugach National Forest as any other forests owned by the United States."

It is generally known that there are only two National Forests in Alaska, and these are confined to the southern coast. Since his visit last summer Mr. Graves has laid great stress on the forests in the interior of the country, where there is a large area of timber. These forests, however, are entirely different from those on the coast. The species are white spruce, white birch, and cottonwood, for the most part. The timber is a good deal smaller than on the coast and the yield lighter. Ordinarily the spruce, which is the largest tree, runs from six to eighteen inches in diameter and about sixty feet in height, although Mr. Graves says that larger and taller trees are frequently found. Speaking of the destruction of these areas by fire, Mr. Graves said:

"The forest fires have played great havoc



A MAP OF THE ALASKAN FORESTS

The black areas on this map are the Tongass National Forest (to the south) and the Chugach National Forest (to the north) on the coast of Alaska. On account of the relatively warm and humid climate, as compared with that of the interior of Alaska, these two forests are important sources of timber supply

with the interior forests, and a great many million acres have been burned off and the forest cover practically entirely destroyed. The interior timber will not play an important part in the general lumber market. It is, however, of great importance locally, and the Government should take some steps to prevent further damage."

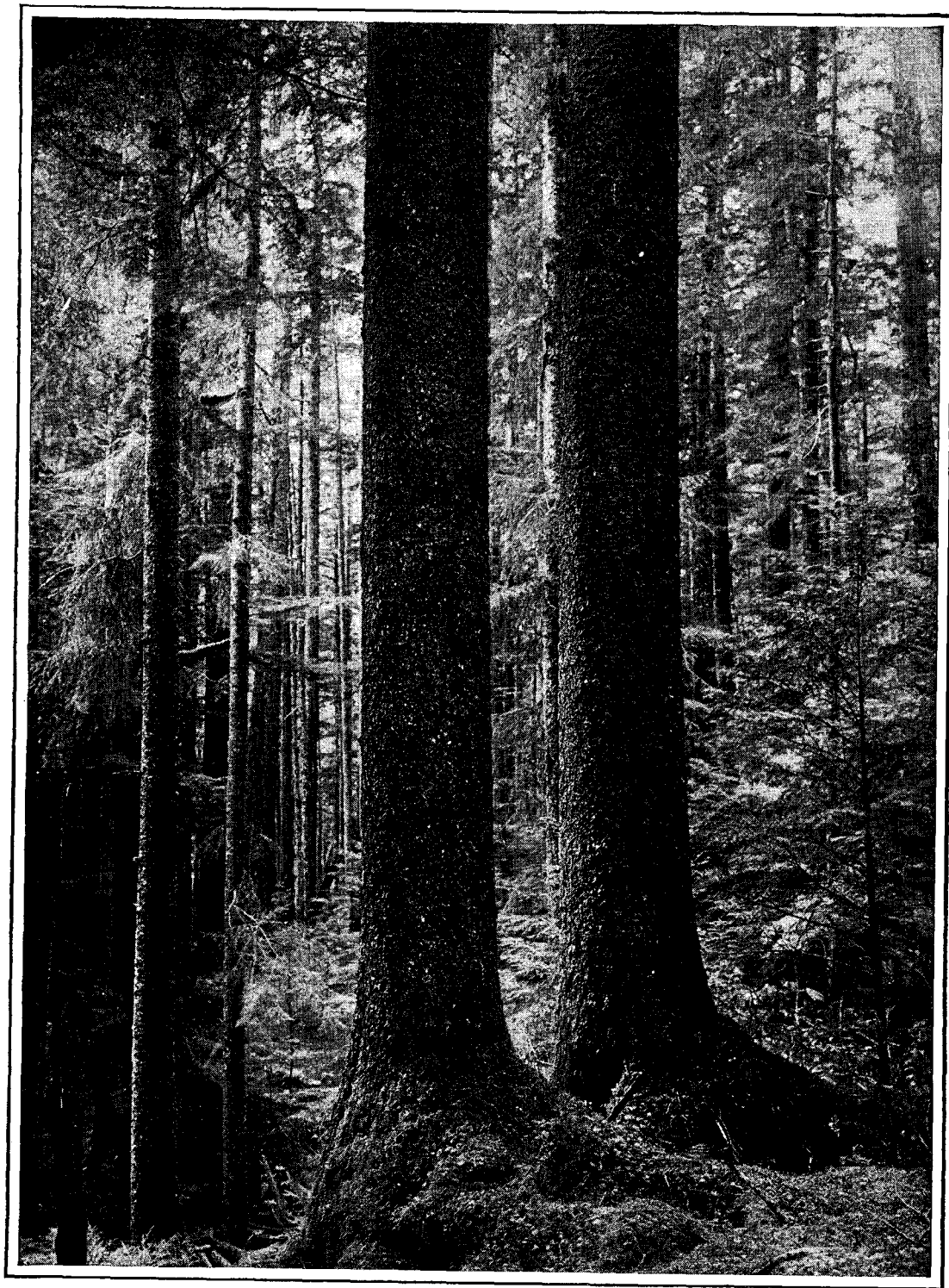
It is a common idea among the misconceptions of Alaska that the country is largely treeless and an inhospitable, uninhabitable waste. It is Mr. Graves's idea that this comes, at least in part, from the fact that much of the literature about Alaska concerns the hardships of the long winter, and that the many pictures of Alaskan scenery are mostly of the rugged mountains and glaciers. As a matter of fact, something over forty per cent of the surface of Alaska was originally covered with a forest growth of some kind; and that is almost as large a percentage as was the original forest area of the United States. To be sure, a great deal of this forest does not contain heavy timber, judged by the standards of the large lumber-producing centers of the United States, but nevertheless it is forest which is comparable, Mr. Graves thinks, to the well-known forests of northern Canada and northern Europe and Siberia, and "it is a forest which will be of very great importance in the upbuilding of Alaska."

In marked contrast with these interior forests, the timber which grows on the southern and southeastern coast has a strong resemblance to that of western Washington, with its dense stands and great trees. The southeast coast of Alaska, influenced as it is by the Japan current, has a very equable climate, and one which is characterized by a heavy rainfall, conditions which are naturally favorable to tree growth. Speaking of this rainfall and its relation to the forests, Mr. Graves says:

"We find, therefore, in southeast Alaska an extension of the Pacific coast type of forest; not

exactly the same combination of species, but many of the species being identical, and there being the same general characteristics of heavy growth, large trees, and great yield of valuable material."

The principal trees in this section of Alaska are the Sitka spruce, Western hemlock, Western red cedar, and Alaska yellow



GIANT SITKA SPRUCES OF THE ALASKAN FORESTS
These trees are 38½ and 36½ inches in diameter

cypress. There are also other species growing in this section, but they are of relatively minor importance. The spruce is the most valuable tree as well as the largest in size. It is often more than six feet through and more than two hundred feet high, with stands of timber on limited areas of one hundred thousand feet to the acre.

Going up the coast from this great forest,

tion of the Forest Service. The National Forest work, as is well known, is decentralized and local—that is, large authority is vested in the local officers, and the bulk of the local business is transacted promptly on the ground without reference to Washington. In Alaska this decentralization is carried to an even greater extent than elsewhere because of the distance from the capital, and

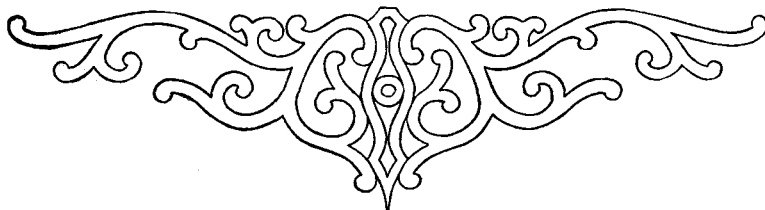


A NEARLY PURE STAND OF WESTERN HEMLOCK IN THE TONGASS NATIONAL FOREST, ALASKA

the growth is pinched out where the great mountain range centering about Mount St. Elias extends down to the shore. But not far beyond this point the coast is again covered with timber, and in the region centering about Prince William Sound is to be found the northernmost extension of the Pacific coast type of forest.

The National Forests in Alaska, like other National Forests, are under the administra-

tion of the Forest Service. The National Forest work, as is well known, is decentralized and local—that is, large authority is vested in the local officers, and the bulk of the local business is transacted promptly on the ground without reference to Washington. In Alaska this decentralization is carried to an even greater extent than elsewhere because of the distance from the capital, and



HELPING STREET BOYS

BY FRANK HUNTER POTTER

IN the Legislature of one of the Western States there was presented a few years ago a bill forbidding the Children's Aid Society of New York to send any more boys to find homes among the farmers of that State. The gentleman who introduced the bill insisted that the boys so sent were the dregs of the city streets, that they spread moral contamination wherever they went, and that they were defectives mentally and physically. Another member of the Legislature arose and said he hoped it was not so bad as that, because he himself was one of those boys who had been helped by the Society to come to the State which he was proud and happy to call home. A third member thereupon got up and said that not only was he, too, one of those boys, but that the Governor of a neighboring State had been sent out by the same Society, while Governor Brady, of Alaska, appointed by the Federal Government, was one of them, too. It is needless to say that after these statements nothing more was heard of the bill.

The list of the activities of this Children's Aid Society is a long one. It gives education to crippled and defective children for whom the State or the city make no provision. It has trade schools and a farm school and schools for all sorts of special classes, like office boys, for instance. It has a health home, a convalescent home, and a summer home. It maintains a sick children's mission and a shelter for homeless mothers and children stranded in New York. It has provided dental clinics to look after the children's teeth; for defective teeth, like defective eyes, are the cause of all sorts of ills. It provides the boys' lodging-houses, too. And this brings us to the subject of this article, for of all these many activities we can speak of only one, the work in which for over sixty years the Society has been engaged—that of taking homeless or ill-treated boys from their undesirable surroundings in New York and sending them to the West or South, where they find good homes, good influences, good education, and abundant opportunity.

Many years ago Mr. Howard Potter, the banker, who was especially interested in the Society's work, remarked one day to Mr.

Charles Loring Brace, its founder and till his death its manager, that he thought it would be a good idea to get some of the big boys out upon farms in the Western country, where not only were they needed, but where they themselves would enjoy advantages which could not possibly be theirs in the city. To this Mr. Brace agreed, and Mr. Potter, whose zeal outran his discretion, wanted the experiment to be tried at once. Mr. Brace was more than doubtful, because he had no means of deciding just which boys were fitted for farm life and which were not. However, Mr. Potter was insistent, and Mr. Brace, realizing that the simplest way to settle such a question was to try it on, yielded. A group of some fifteen half-grown boys was chosen, shipped to the West under the charge of one of the Society's agents, and placed on farms. The result was what Mr. Brace had anticipated: every one of those boys was back in New York before the agent. They were simply misfits. Nothing was proved except that before sending out boys of this age, and this is the most important age to care for, it must be made clear that they love and are fitted for a country life.

The boy of the streets who comes under the Society's care is a peculiar product, by no means a hoodlum. Quite half of these boys are orphans; of the remainder, many leave home because of cruel treatment. Boys left alone or badly treated go to work for themselves. They take up the occupation of newsboy as often as not, because it is the first which comes to hand. None takes it up because he likes it; after he has been in the Society's lodging-house for a while he gets something better to do—the job of office boy or the like. In this the Society helps him, for it not only keeps a sort of employment agency for its protégés, but actually has in one of its schools a class where boys can be trained specially for office work. Here the boys are taught the geography of New York City, including the elevated, surface, subway, and ferry routes and the location of important business and public buildings. They are also taught to consult telephone books, directories, and time-tables; to make bank deposits; and, above all, the elementary good manners which are essential to their holding their jobs. In short, the Society does, in breaking in

these youngsters, a trying but necessary work which until now has fallen to the lot of the employer; and there is a large demand for the finished product which is turned out.

Teaching boys the geography of New York is not so superfluous as it may seem at first sight for a considerable percentage of the Society's lodgers is composed of boys from other places, drawn by curiosity to see the great city, or by a spirit of adventure, or for the same reason that makes many New York boys leave their homes—unhappy conditions. When a boy comes in, it is the duty of the superintendent to find out all about him—where he comes from, what his home is like—and then, if he has left for no good reason, to get him back in the care of his parents. If, on the other hand, his home surroundings are bad, the boy is kept, employment is found for him, and, if he seems of a nature to be benefited by transplanting to the West or South, a home is found for him—for there are always more vacant homes than the Society has the money to fill—and he goes out where so many of his fellows have gone, with nine chances out of ten that he will make good and become a valuable citizen, for that is the percentage of the Society's successes, and only one chance in four hundred that he will become a criminal, for that is the record of the thirty thousand boys and girls that the Society has found homes for.

It must not be imagined that this process of finding out all about a boy, where he comes from and who he is, is necessarily a simple matter. If a boy has run away from school and comes to one of the lodging-houses, the first thing he does is to give a false name. When he registers, which every boy is obliged to do every night when he comes back to the house, he must give an address. One boy gave twenty-five separate addresses—his imagination was better than his memory—in the course of a month. But this apparently attracts no attention from the authorities, and it is their entire willingness to accept their lodgers at their face value and the freedom from spying which attract the boys, and in the end almost invariably bring out a frank confession to the superintendent, who "don't preach and don't snoop," and who has shown that he is the boys' real friend.

Some of the boys who come are merely full of enterprise and a wholesome desire to stand on their own feet, which in time is going to make them invaluable members of

society. One day a well-dressed, well-groomed boy walked into the Newsboys' Lodging-House carrying a valise, and, with all the assurance of a much-traveled person, asked to be shown to a room. The agent tried to hide the twinkle in his eye.

"We cannot accommodate you with a separate room," he said. "All our guests sleep in dormitories."

"Oh!" said the boy; "that's like a boarding-school. I like that. But I'd like to check my valise here, then."

The agent checked the valise with proper solemnity and presented the application blank to be filed. Thoroughly unsuspecting, the new guest wrote in a round hand his true name and the address of his parents in Lowell, Massachusetts, and other truths which the agent recognized as such. The parents were secretly notified by telegraph, and in the meantime the boy undertook negotiations with the agent for a position.

"The whole amount of it is, Mr. Blank, that I have to look out for myself in the world. It ain't very satisfactory for a fellow to stay round home and go to school when he begins to be grown up, and I'd rather have a job in New York than anywhere else. I want to be a New York fellow."

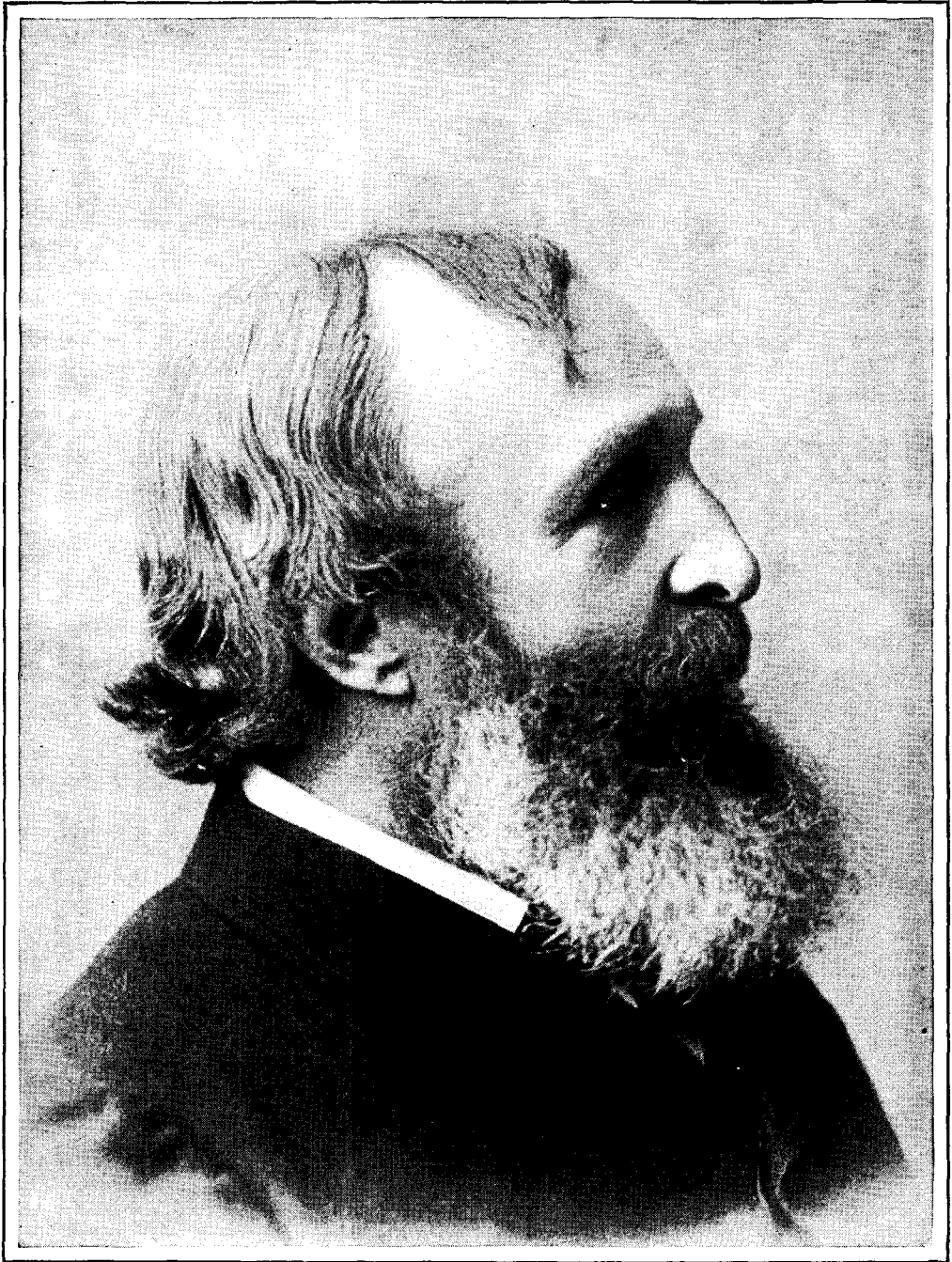
In the afternoon of the following day the agent was able to say to the boy:

"Well, Ernest, I have a place for you. If you will come into the office, you will find somebody there who wants to see you."

Ernest beamed with joy. "Oh, I can't tell you how much obliged to you I am! You are the best friend I ever had."

Filled with excitement over his first business opportunity, he hurried to the office, and there confronted the gentle presence of his mother. He had to capitulate, but it was with hot tears of disappointment, which cooled later to tears of homesickness and relief.

The case of the boy who gave the twenty-five addresses was much of the same order. He arrived at one of the homes well dressed, well cared for, and healthy. It was evident that he was used to refinement, but he was not at all depressed by his new surroundings. He ate his homely, hearty meals at low, uncovered wooden tables, in close, chattering company with a hundred other boys, mostly roughly bred and not fastidious. He tumbled with them in the gymnasium, fraternized after work with any group at checkers or billiards that needed another hand, went with his new cronies to the cheapest theaters and



CHARLES LORING BRACE, FOUNDER OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

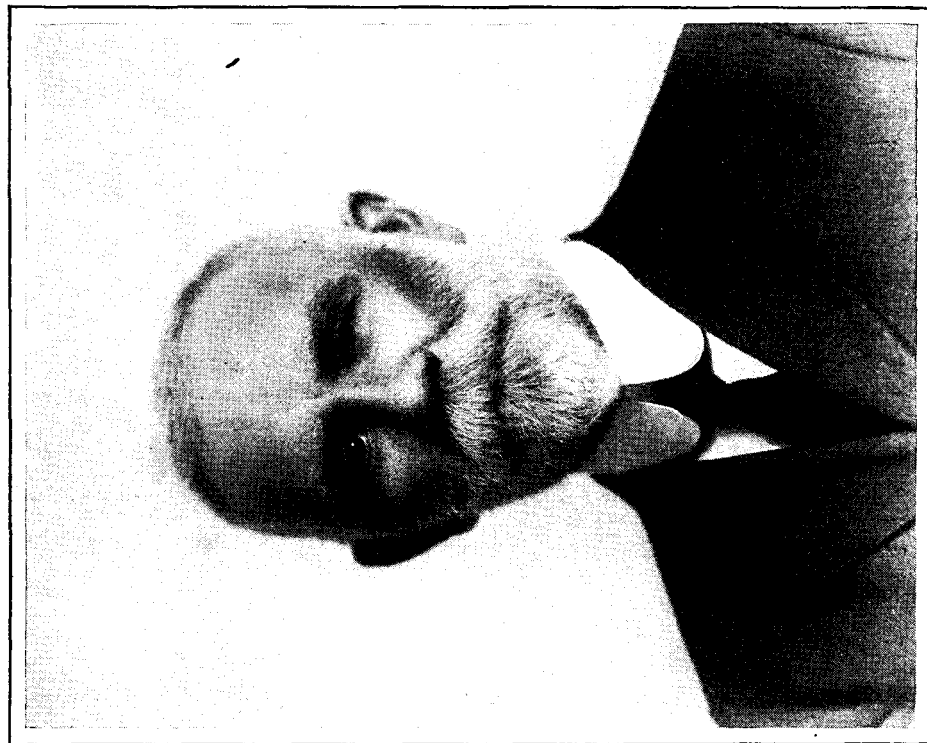
The first experiments in sending homeless boys to the West were made by Mr. Brace at the suggestion of Mr. Howard Potter, the banker. The experiments, at first unsuccessful, eventually developed into an established feature of the Society's work



JOHN G. BRADY

Became Governor of North Dakota after a boyhood passed in Indiana, whither he was sent by the Society as an orphan. He served as a drummer boy in the Civil War, was later a bank cashier, and then county treasurer

FORMER STREET BOYS WHO "MADE GOOD"



ANDREW H. BURKE

Appointed Governor of Alaska by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. As a boy he was sent West, worked on a farm, later taught school, graduated from Yale College, and became a missionary in Alaska

IN THEIR NEW HOMES IN THE WEST

"movies," and finally dropped into his particular bed among the rows of others to sleep every night without a care till the sound of the rising bell. Matters were growing more interesting all the time—for he had never revealed his real home—when one day his father, who was Superintendent of Schools in a neighboring city, found the place, made inquiries at the office, and appeared in the reading-room before his son, who gave in without a word.

When, on investigation, it is found that a boy's surroundings are not what they ought to be, then the Society's agents will back the boy up in his attempts to escape from these conditions. Sometimes the boy will give such an exhibition of pluck and independence in his attempts to get free as to give unmistakable proof of what is in him. One such case was that of Senator O'Neil, of Idaho. As a boy he lived on the East Side. His parents were both dead, and his guardian was a saloon-keeper named Clancy. He became a newsboy, and so came in touch with the Society through the Newsboys' Lodging-House. He made several attempts to get his guardian's permission to go with one of the Society's parties to the West, but Clancy would not permit it. The case was desperate; so he got a suitable affidavit drawn up and signed by a woman in the neighborhood who had been good to him. The document was accepted in good faith by the agent in charge of the party, and, after eluding his two brothers and Clancy, who were hot on his trail, he finally found himself Westward bound.

O'Neil's first important duty was to guard the "grub basket" and deal out the rations to the other members of the party. His destination was Sibley, Iowa, where a motherly woman met him and took him home. Thence he went to her brother's ranch, where his early training was broncobusting and cow-punching. Afterwards he paid his way through school by selling hogs. Twenty-five years later he appeared one Sunday night at the regular meeting in the Newsboys' Lodging-House to talk to the boys. He had been President of the Idaho Bankers' Association, and was at that moment State Senator. It is chiefly boys who show something of this spirit who are sent West by the Society, and that is the reason that more than ninety per cent of them have made good.

Boys are also sent to the Society from the

courts, from private charities, which become aware of cases of destitution and know that the Children's Aid Society is the best hope for the boy, and not infrequently from churches. A number of years ago a deaconess from one of the great parishes came to Mr. Brace—deaconesses were not so well trained then as they are to-day—and asked him if he could do anything for a very bad boy.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Mr. Brace.

"Oh, he is a dreadfully bad boy! He plays craps."

"Well," said Mr. Brace, "perhaps he has no other way of amusing himself. What else does he do?"

"He took some money out of the trousers of his dead grandfather."

"After all," said Mr. Brace, "he may have thought he had more use for the money than his grandfather. Suppose you send him around to me."

The deaconess thanked Mr. Brace effusively. They did not know at the church that there was anybody in New York who would try to do anything for such a bad boy.

The boy on arrival was found to be a bright youngster of thirteen, full of life and energy, and with anything but a bad face. He was sent up to the Brace Farm at Valhalla, took to the life there as a duck takes to water, and at the end of three or four weeks was driving the farm team and showing the most intense interest in everything about the place. He was sent to Texas, where he found a home with a friendly farmer, grew up to an honest and self-respecting manhood, and now owns a ranch of his own in the Lone Star State.

It is one of the chief services which the Society has rendered to New York City for so many years that, as in this case, it keeps boys out of the police courts when they have been guilty of really venial offenses. Bishop Potter once noticed two bright youngsters, twins, on Randall's Island. He asked what they were doing there, and was told that their mother had had them committed to the Island because they had tied two Chinamen's queues together. "The woman is a fool!" exclaimed Bishop Potter, impatiently. "That is simply a lark spirit which ought to be directed into a right channel."

Proper recognition that children have an inalienable right to a certain amount of amusement, just as much as they have a



A FORMER STREET BOY WHO IS HELPING TO RAISE GOOD STOCK IN TEXAS

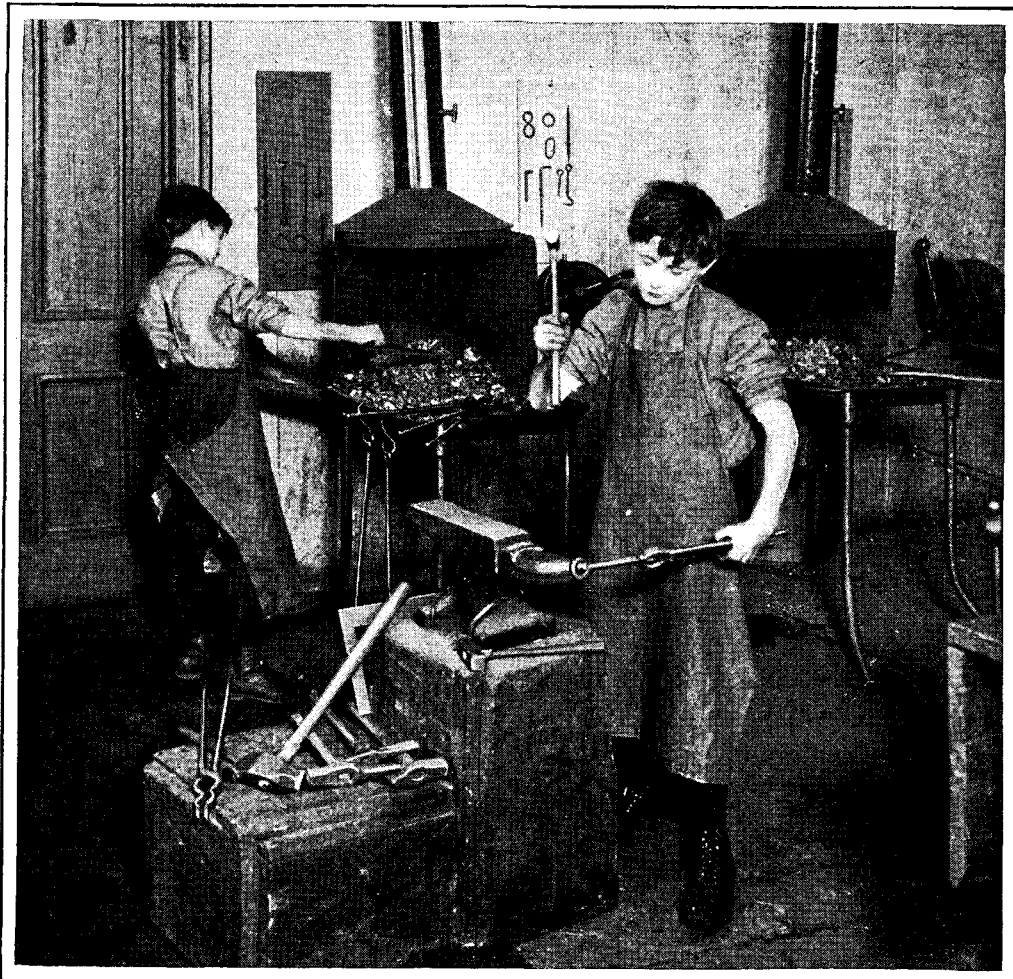
right to sufficient food, has come at last and is seen in the setting apart of certain streets as playgrounds by Mayor Mitchel, closing them to traffic. But there is still an enormous need for the education of the public on this subject, and it is greatly to be wished that every intelligent citizen should have a knowledge of Miss Jane Addams's "Youth and the City Streets." For a boy, once he has been brought into court for even so venial a fault as ball-playing in the streets, is a marked boy; the police are down on him.

One of the serious problems connected with the assimilation of the foreigner in this country is the fact that the first generation born on our soil has no respect for its parents, and they have no control over it. This is but natural; the child speaks English, is familiar with the customs of the country, and has an advantage in every way over its par-

ents, who, speaking only Hungarian or Russian or Italian, can get none but the worst-paid jobs. This feeling was expressed with admirable concreteness by a small boy who had been spanked by his father and was discovered weeping bitterly. "Did it hurt so much as all that?" asked a somewhat unsympathetic questioner. "Naw," said the boy, between his sobs; "but I hate to be licked by a blamed immigrant."

The Society reaches this class better than any other agency; and when it is realized that the son of the immigrant, the native white of foreign parentage, furnishes three times as many criminals as the native element, it will be apparent how great is the need for the Society's work in this particular direction.

Occasionally there are almost startling evidences of how the Society's efficiency is

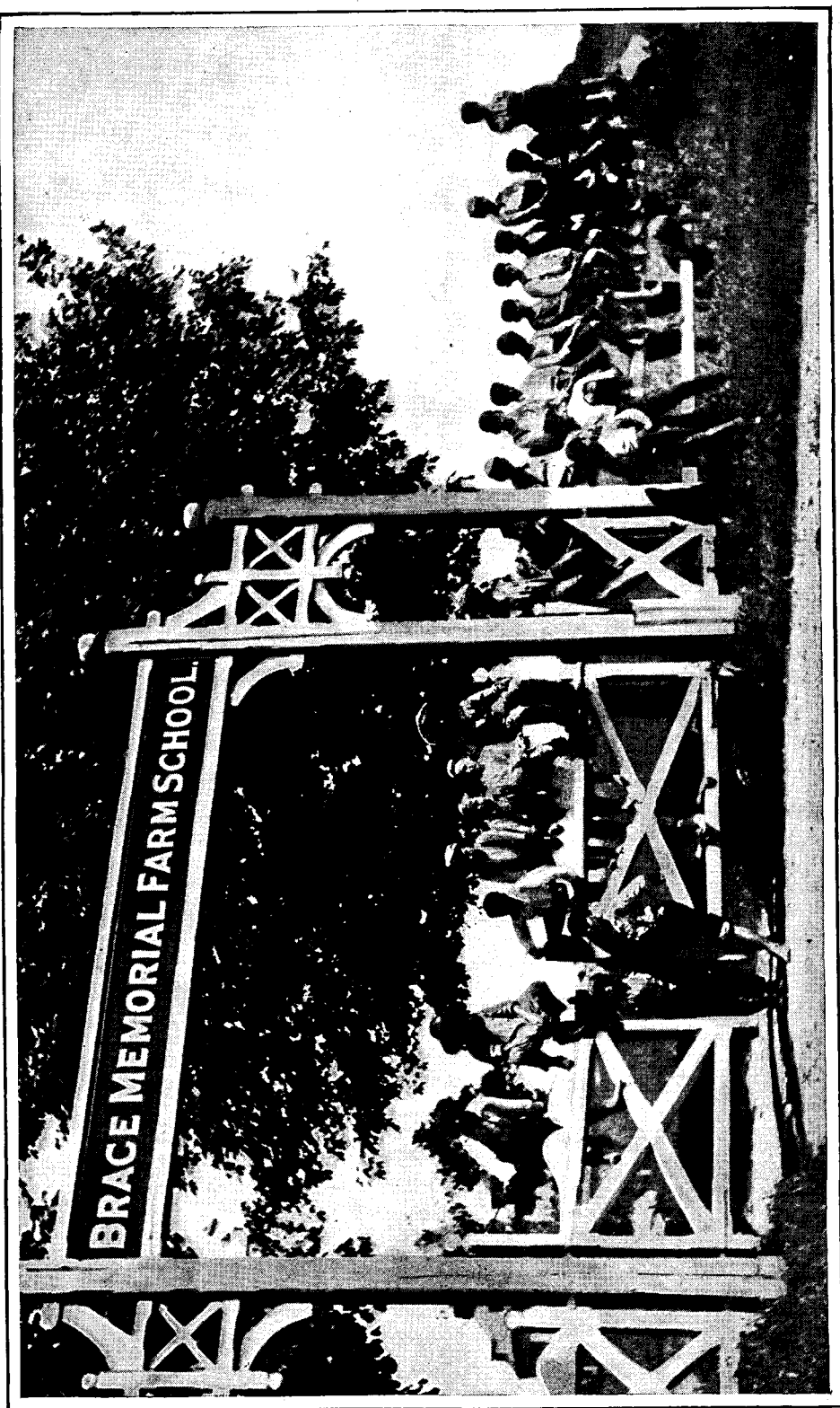


BOYS LEARNING TO BE BLACKSMITHS IN ONE OF THE SOCIETY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS

appreciated. Some years ago a gentleman came to Mr. Brace and said: "I have \$10,000 which I am ready to spend in finding real homes for children who need them. I am not offering this money as a memorial to any dead child. All my children are alive and well. Neither is there any romance or sentiment in my proposition. I know, however, that there are hundreds of children who are either roaming the street or are in homes where they are not wanted. I know also that there are hundreds of homes where a child is wanted, especially in the Western and Southern States. I believe it is possible to bring these children and child lovers together, and I am willing to wager \$10,000 that it can be done." The donor's only stipulation was that his name should be withheld, and that for every \$50 paid out at least one unfortunate child should secure a real home.

It was a strictly business proposition made by a hard-headed business man, and there was to be no romance about it. But the reports of the Society's agents who found homes for the children (at an average cost, by the way, well inside the donor's condition) were full of romance. No Cinderella story is half so wonderful as what happened to little Sarah Brown, whisked out of a tenement into a luxurious home where every advantage is given by an adopting mother who adores her. Or how about little Johnny Smith? (Smith is not his real name; it would not be fair to give that.)

Johnny had never known any parents that he could remember. An agent of the Society picked him out of a newsie's brawl in the street one day, and persuaded him to go for a while to the Society's farm school in Westchester County. The life on the farm palled



CANDIDATES FOR HOMES IN THE WEST AND SOUTH

"The boys all come here with a view to having it decided whether they have such tastes as fit them for farm life."

a little on this product of the streets, but at the same time he did not want to go altogether back to "the old game," as he termed his former existence.

"I'd like a chanct to get some schoolin'," he said to the Society's agent who visited the farm one day, "but I don't want to go to a place where dere's a woman. I never had no mudder, and I don't want no woman fussin' over me. I want to live wit' a man."

The Society was at that time buying the first consignment of homes from the \$10,000 fund. Secretary Brace decided to invest \$50 for the former "newsie." Providence guided the agent of the Society to the home of a wealthy but lonely bachelor in Delaware. The bachelor became interested when he heard of the little street gamin's plea to "live wit' a man," and sent for the boy. He took an immediate liking to him, and decided to give him the "chanct" for which he yearned. The boy made good, and is now preparing for college. He has a saddle horse and all the luxuries of the son of wealthy parents. Moreover, his bachelor foster-father is so pleased with the boy that he is preparing to adopt him.

Stories as romantic as these could be multiplied almost indefinitely from the records of the Society. Meanwhile, look at the business end of the \$10,000 proposition. Three hundred and seventy-two children were given the advantages of the fund. Of this number seventeen gave up their new homes and went to relatives who were able to take care of them, while seventeen others, all over sixteen years of age, got positions and decided to shift for themselves. Seventeen proved unsatisfactory and were returned to the Society. Two went into the navy, two died, and only six turned out badly and left their places, without the Society's knowledge or consent, to return to New York.

The benefactor and the Society, who receive regular reports from all the homes, are entirely satisfied with the investment of the \$10,000. It would be strange if they were not.

Five or six miles north of White Plains, near the village of Valhalla, in Westchester County, is the Brace Farm School, which might fairly be called the "proving ground" of the Society. Here come boys belonging to such categories as have just been described and from other sources. A few promising cases come from the House of Refuge; the Big Brothers send others. But

they all come here with a view to having it decided whether they have such tastes as fit them for a life on farms in the West and South, where they can grow up free from the vicious influences which have surrounded their old homes, and where, as actually happens in ninety out of a hundred cases, they grow up into valuable members of society.

The life on the farm is a simple one, much what the boys will have when they go on real farms—up early in the morning, out on the farm for the big boys, school for the little ones under fourteen. These latter are not expected to work anyhow, but are being fattened up for the "child market" out West. Those who work on the farm are taught how to cultivate field crops and to handle cows and horses. Although six weeks is the usual limit of a boy's stay on the farm, his education is differentiated by the section of the country which is his destination. It must be borne in mind that, with the exception of a very few boys who are received from the House of Refuge, a boy's coming to the farm is purely voluntary, and so is his choice of a home. Sometimes he runs away, but, finding that nobody comes after him, he generally comes back, and it is just those boys who make the best subjects to send West. They have given proof of an independence and self-reliance which, properly guided, will make first-rate citizens of them. A boy who is too well satisfied with the school may turn out like one of the "old boys," who is now fifty-three years old, but who cannot be driven away. He gets odd jobs occasionally, but always returns, and for more than ten years has been sweeping out the stable. All the wages he asks is that the school shall give him a chance every day to read the cheap afternoon papers, with their accounts of baseball and other sports.

When a boy has made up his mind, after consultation with the Superintendent, where he would like to go, his training is specialized. If he is going to one of the States of the Middle West or to a farm in New York, he is taught to milk (what patient cows must those be which are attached to the school!) and to do the ordinary farm chores; if he is to start for Texas, he is put to handling horses, for that is the chief duty which he will have out there. In any case, when he gets off the cars at his new home, he will not be a hopeless greenhorn, exposed to the jeers and contempt of his new associates.

Of course there is nothing surprising in the

greenness which the boys exhibit when they arrive, for they have, as a rule, never been outside the city, unless it were for a "fresh air outing," but it is often amusing. There was the case of the small boy, for instance, who asked his teacher to "come and show him how to put the suspenders on the mule." But greenness is the least of the troubles of those in charge of the farm. They have to keep order among a proverbially unruly set, their most serious difficulty being when the boys divide themselves into "gangs" and fight each other after the manner of their older brothers in town. Then there are the slippery, lazy ones, like the small darky who was supposed to be working with one or other of the working parties, but who, after reporting at six in the morning for breakfast, was discovered at eight asleep between two rows of growing corn. Every problem which confronts the head master of an ordinary boys' school is here, but raised to the n th degree, and the patience and resourcefulness of Mr. Wood, the farm superintendent, must be positively limitless. His real problem is not merely to humanize these boys a little in the few weeks at his disposal, but to study their characters and capabilities, and start them out properly amid new surroundings where they shall not be misfits.

As to the economic value of the Society's work, that ought to be clear to any one who has read the foregoing pages. The Society takes each year hundreds of boys who might more readily than not turn out toughs or "gunmen," and helps some of them to homes in the country, where they grow up self-respecting, useful citizens. Those who remain in town—and not every boy is fitted for a country life—it helps to an education and a position. It keeps the boy from contact with the police at an age when such contact is the most serious kind of a handicap to a boy, and turns into a useful worker one who would in a vast percentage of cases be a useless

loafer, becoming later a burden on society. It is not so easy to estimate in dollars and cents the value of putting boys into empty homes which long for them, of filling arms which have always been empty or left vacant by some beloved child gone before. But in fulfilling the Master's injunction concerning little children the Society is doing a service to humanity beyond all computation.

One cannot close without a word concerning certain officials of the Society to whom it owes its success, and to certain friends who have aided them. Foremost among these are the two Messrs. Charles Loring Brace, father and son, who have been successively managers of the Society since its foundation, and whose intelligence, insight into child character, and real love for children have been at the root of their success. And there is one other, Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, whom the boys of this generation would place on an equality with the Braces. A man of independent means, of culture, singularly popular in the world of society, a famous athlete at Harvard, Mr. Wendell has yet devoted himself since his college days to a service of boyhood which it is wholly inadequate to call unselfish. It is the outcome of a deep and abiding love. And so the boys love him in return and trust him with a whole-heartedness which is one of the most interesting phenomena of this wonderful work. Thousands of boys all over the country love "Pop" Wendell, correspond with him, make him the confidant of their successes and troubles. The most vivid memory which the writer carried away from a visit to the Farm was the picture of Mr. Wendell walking up from the baseball field with arms around the shoulders of two husky sixteen-year-old boys, while a third walked along holding one of Mr. Wendell's hands which hung from his fellow's shoulder. Boys love those who love them, and they cannot be deceived about those who do; there is nobody in this world so hard to fool as a boy.

REPORTING THE WAR FROM DESKSIDE

FIFTEEN MONTHS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK
OF AN INDOOR WAR CORRESPONDENT

BY FRANK B. ELSER

OF military strategy I know little or nothing, and I have never seen a battle, yet for a period of more than fourteen months, eight hours a day, Sundays included, I sat at a desk in London as a member of a news association staff trying to report the great war for some nine hundred American newspapers.

In other words, I am an indoor war correspondent. I say this in no frivolous sense. From a daily newspaper standpoint, and especially in so far as the neutral press is concerned, this war has been chronicled from the desk rather than from the battle-front. There have been good stories—great stories—from all the fronts (I myself spent a week in the trenches at the British front in Flanders), but the daily march of events, the pinnacles of fact, correlated, interpreted, have been recorded by men in shirt-sleeves and eye-shades in some obscure office.

Strangely, the great American newspapers and press associations do not have pretentious offices abroad. I think this is invariably true. Our London office has a quaint, Dickensy look that is distinctly unnewspapery. It is up two flights of dark, narrow stairs, and when I first entered it, one September afternoon two years ago, an aged tea-kettle was crooning on an open-hearth fire. And there was a tall English office-boy in a cut-away coat—I tried to picture him on Park Row; and a battered old desk, and, over it, green-shaded electric light bulbs, with lamp cord weirdly tangled to regulate their height. Then there were an old-fashioned telephone, a small "morgue," some reference books, and, ranged against the wall back of the desk, the tickers of the Central News and the Exchange Telegraph Company. Then, of course, there was the staff.

This was the London office of the Associated Press; and London has been, and is now more than ever, the news center of the world.

When I walked into the office, one of the greatest struggles in history was going on just against the Channel; but everybody was as cool as could be—sad almost, it seemed to me. As I learned later, the depression which comes when you are working under a cen-

sorship had already set in. "Kicks" were coming from our New York office almost hourly. Where was Lewis, who had gone into Belgium with Cobb, McCutcheon, and others? New York wanted to know; and why couldn't we confirm the rumors that the Crown Prince of Germany had been assassinated in Berlin? and "Opposition says Paris evacuated;" and "Please impress British authorities with necessity intelligent censorship at once. Much your copy unintelligible;" and so forth.

This was on the afternoon of September 3, 1914, when the Germans were still battering their way towards Paris. On that day I learned two things about reporting a war. The first was: Don't hesitate to file with the Censor matter you think will be killed. It *may* be passed. The second was: File rumors of potential importance, no matter how absurd they are, and credit the source. They *may* be true.

Crediting the source of war news has been adopted by conservative journals and news-gathering agencies in their desire to report all phases of the war without assuming responsibility for stories that may or may not be true. The system necessarily drags into despatches an ungainly skeleton of credit lines, but is imperative if you want to play safe.

This war has been largely a war of fake stories and misinformation. Not deliberate fakes on the part of American correspondents, but deliberate fakes on the part of many writers in the neutral Continental press, and misinformation of the kind that surrounds every great event. There has necessarily been more of it during this war because it is the greatest event that has ever happened in this world.

Slowly we learned to catalogue the fakes, and after a time we came to know them as old friends. There were the gun foundations of concrete prepared in France by the Germans in the guise of factory foundations long before the war. We sent stories about these at first, and then we were sorry, for later the same foundations were discovered in Poland. Then there was a certain correspondent in Copenhagen—the human adding-machine we called him—whose specialty was German

casualty totals. Although he kept them in suspiciously round numbers, he was for a time convincing. Then it occurred to us that, inasmuch as no one in England outside the War Office could more than approximate the British losses at a given time, the figures of our Scandinavian statistician were uncanny, to say the least, and our faith in him waned.

Holland harbored—and still harbors—the specialists in computing how many troops Germany transfers from east to west and *vice versa*. These figures were always available after either the Allied or the Teuton forces had gained a notable success. If Germany lost ground in the west, she began immediately depleting her effectives along certain sectors of her eastern front, flinging reinforcements therefrom westward over that famous system of strategic railway. If she scored in the west or in the east, she began as promptly to withdraw men and metal from the field of victory, invariably leaving, so the writers in Holland said, old men and boys to hold the new position, which had been strongly consolidated. These figures also after a time lost caste, as I have no doubt that similar compilations purporting to affect the Allies and supplied at a time when they might be true have lost caste in Germany.

The Crown Prince rumor, I think, had been printed before I left New York, in August; but it was not easily killed, and it was sent from London many times during the early fall of 1914, variously dated Geneva, Athens, Rome, The Hague, Stockholm. Each version was vouched for by some agency or newspaper or by some ostensibly reliable courier just out of Germany, leaving the correspondents no alternative but to send it along to be read by the American people for what it was worth. I mention this by way of explaining why so many despatches of this character were cabled during the first six or eight months of the war. Not a few of them are still being cabled; but the desk men abroad have developed a sort of sixth sense by the exercise of which they are becoming more and more discriminating. Yet the eternally harassing feature of selection is that so many of these rumors are based on truths or half-truths.

I dare say that at this writing no man in Europe, outside the circle of the German royal family or physicians attending the royal family, is entitled with veracity to add one sentence to the official bulletins concerning the German Emperor's recent indisposition.

Notwithstanding this, special despatches from Paris and from other sources outside Germany have described his malady in detail and have told what operation his physicians purposed performing. Now this is palpably guesswork, but timely and intelligent guesswork, creating newspaper material that no correspondent can overlook with impunity. I have no German papers at hand, but I venture to say that the same alarmist accounts were published in Berlin and elsewhere in the German Empire when it became known there that King George of England had been badly injured by a fall from his horse.

To writers in neutral states fringing the war zone the temptation to fake or half fake has been almost irresistible. Bear in mind that for news of conditions and events in Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria the newspaper readers of England, France, Russia, and other countries of the Entente alliance must depend either upon the indirect service of neutral correspondents within Germany, Austria, Turkey, or Bulgaria, or upon the product of writers of whatever nationality at some base in a state adjacent to Germany or her allies. Obviously, an English writer, uninterned, cannot now remain in Germany, nor a German writer in England.

Therefore most of the accurate matter concerning Germany and allied nations as printed in England, France, Italy, and Russia to-day is prepared by American correspondents for American journals and press associations, and is either cabled back after publication in this country or given out in Paris or London for simultaneous publication here and abroad. Plainly these American writers working within the borders of Germany or of her allies are not going to send out, provided they expect to remain there—and, moreover, the Censor would prevent it—anti-German news. And in this class come food riots, the prevalence of disease, crop failures—in fact, economic distress of any kind; staggering casualty lists, gloomy pictures of illness in the royal family, cabinet crises, and the like. Yet these are just the things about which the people of England, France, Italy, and Russia want to read. Inversely, the people of Germany want to read the same things about their enemies; hence the German press garners and prints an array of rumors and near facts of an anti-Entente character as supplied by writers in the same neutral states surrounding her. Germany would draw on similar material

from the United States except for the fact that England controls the cable situation.

This desire to read how your enemy is suffering, coupled with the will to believe that what one would like to be true is true, has created the immense field afforded by the war for the propagation of matter of this sort. That Greece, Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries have been the hotbeds of it is due solely to their geographical position. I know a good many newspaper communities in this country that would be serious competitors were they so situated.

However—and this is the crux of the matter so far as the United States is concerned—the anti-Entente material, reaching Germany from whatever source, seldom, if ever, finds its way to this country by cable, for the reason that from a cable standpoint Germany is isolated. To cable America the American correspondents in Berlin have to file by way of England, and there, at the hands of the British Censor, and properly so, according to the ethics of censorship laid down in this war, anything he considers inimical to the Entente cause is stricken out.

By virtue of this cable control England has become the Editor-in-Chief of the belligerents. She edits not only her own war copy but, with trifling omissions, the copy of her enemies, and on occasions the copy of her allies. Matter passed by the Censor in Petrograd for transmission via England to America was often recensored by the British before it was delivered to our office for forwarding, and at times despatches passed in France and sent via England because of delay on the French cable got no farther than the British Press Bureau.

This would indicate that the Allies are not always of one mind as to what constitutes news for neutral consumption. But I want to emphasize that this article is in no way intended as a criticism of the British censorship, nor of the German, or the Russian, or the French, or the Turkish. Only the test of time will tell whether censorship as enforced in this war was founded on a wise or fallacious policy. Incidentally, Germany, through restrictions drawn only this winter, has gone further than any other country in the matter of regulating the neutral press. She has demanded of all foreign correspondents a personal guarantee that all their despatches, by mail or cable, shall not be changed or altered in any way by the newspaper receiving them,

nor shall there be placed over them headlines which the Germans regard as misleading. Violation of this is punishable by the forfeiture of the correspondent's right to gather news in Germany. All foreign correspondents in Germany were required personally to subscribe to these regulations, but how they are to live up to them is not clear to me.

The fortunes of war and the irony of fate compel Germany to look to her arch-enemy, England, as the outlet for news. Direct cable communication between this country and Germany, it will be recalled, was severed by the British only a few days after the outbreak of hostilities. Since that time all despatches from Germany or her allies, in view of their geographical position, have of necessity passed through the British Press Bureau, the one exception being a meager budget of news that Berlin gets off daily by wireless to Sayville, Long Island.

England may thus keep, and does keep, a complete record of every despatch sent from Germany to this country—records of unquestionable value both from a military and diplomatic standpoint. She has, moreover, aside from such brief bulletins as Berlin may send by wireless, complete control of the official *communiqués* of all her enemies. While these *communiqués* have at no time, to my knowledge, been suppressed in their entirety, whole sentences, sometimes whole sections, have been deleted on the ground of being either palpable misstatements or as containing information likely to prejudice the Allied cause.

During the nearly a year and a half that I was in London I sat facing a clock with two sets of hands—black and red. The black hands told us what time it was in London; the red registered the time in New York. Always the hands were five hours apart, for when it is noon in London it is only seven A.M. in New York, six in Chicago, five in Denver, four in San Francisco.

That is a patent observation, but I make it because those two sets of clock hands are fixed in my mind. When I arrived in London, I was reimpressed with the fact that we would work with this five-hour advantage, that we could crowd into afternoon editions in New York matter appearing in London after nightfall, and cull from the London morning papers reaching us at daylight copy which would reach telegraph desks in America before even first editions went to press.

The clock held true to form, but the five-

hour leeway turned out to be something of a delusion. The machinery of the censorship moved at times so slowly and there intervened so many quasi-mechanical operations to hinder news traffic that we soon proceeded on the theory that London and New York time were identical. Delays in transmission, due to one thing and another, ranged from one to seventy-two hours, and when a despatch left the desk we seldom knew, unless subsequently advised from New York by letter or cable, whether it went through promptly or lingered for hours after the leisurely manner of the proverbial American messenger boy. Similarly, we had no means of knowing how much editing a despatch had undergone at the Press Bureau, and frequently we filed "adds" to despatches when the despatches themselves had been suppressed.

Working under such conditions, month in and month out, weighed on us heavily—in other words, created the depression I referred to above. It tended to kill two things that every real newspaper man is supposed above all to possess—snap and enthusiasm. Nothing made very much difference. We knew that should the greatest naval battle in history take place in the North Sea we would be confined in reporting it to an official Admiralty statement of possibly a hundred words; we knew, and such proved to be the case, that when the Zeppelins came we would be barred from describing what I now regard as one of the most dramatic incidents of the war, but would be supplied with one of many mimeograph copies of an official account thereof.

When the "Zeps" did come for their first big raid, about eleven o'clock at night, only our night editor and an assistant and the cable operator and a copy boy were in the office. Yet that staff was ample for the emergency. Throughout the town, in homes and hotels, other members of the staff were scattered, but few even took the trouble to call the office on the telephone. They knew only too well that they would be of no use.

I, for one, stood in front of my house and watched the Zeppelin with a professional anguish that burns within me yet. I never so wanted to write a story in my life. I cast and recast opening sentences. I sent "adds" and corrections and inserts. I pictured myself at the end of a leased wire, dictating a running story to a good operator, baseball world's series fashion, breaking in now and then with such a bulletin as, "At eleven fifteen the

Zeppelin seemed to hang almost over the Bank of England. Fires were breaking out near Cheapside."

My story was never written. A bomb fell within sixty yards of the office, driving out the night editor and his assistant and the office boy and the cable operator; but what we sent to New York that night was the mimeograph official statement, nothing more.

I was fortunate enough to have a good view of the Zeppelin, and I am going to set down here a little of what I wanted so much to write that night. But first I want to disclose a bit of news—and I do not believe it has been printed either in England or America: the entire raid was witnessed by Sir John French, then Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in France and Belgium. Temporarily in London, presumably for a war conference, he stood on the balcony of his home in Lancaster Gate and smoked cigarettes during the bombardment. I have this from no less authority than the Field Marshal's butler. Of the raid itself here are my chief impressions as recorded at the time:

To those who had never seen a Zeppelin in action before—and this included practically all of London—the striking thing about it all was the familiarity of the spectacle. Here was the cigar-shaped, gray-sided creation of Count Zeppelin breezing along, shedding bombs just as we had expected. Below, and once or twice above, broke the British shells, making little points of light very similar to an electric spark except that red, and not blue, seemed to predominate in the color. Even the crash of the anti-aircraft guns seemed reminiscent. Everybody had read so much and talked so much about Zeppelins, and seen so many diagrams of them and so many fanciful pictures of London being bombarded, that the real thing seemed quite natural.

What sent a chill through all who heard was the noise of those high-explosive bombs. They did sound sinister. There was a reverberation and a readjustment of the atmosphere afterward that would have impressed an idiot. It was one of these high-tension monsters going off that gave the first general alarm in our part of town. Strangely, although special constables had been drilled to give the alarm in case of a raid, no one at our house was roused until the shooting began. Whether the raiders were discovered before they were actually over the city I don't know, and probably never shall. It is the general report that the Germans gave

themselves away—that is, they drew no fire until after dropping a bomb. Then the searchlights groped about the sky and finally fingered them and, having once achieved this, held them until they disappeared.

The one I saw was high in the heavens when it passed our way. Guessing elevations is a fool's job, but, if I were asked, I should say that it was seven thousand feet up. Shells were breaking far short of it, and it sailed on with as much apparent serenity as if it were on a trial trip with the inventor aboard.

There was an almost uninterrupted crash and boom of gunfire, and a great many people, seeing the flashes below the air-ship, thought these were bombs being dropped. The Zeppelin was moving toward the north, very slowly it seemed to us, and perfectly horizontal. The noise of its great battery of two hundred horse-power motors was barely audible. If there were any British aviators darting about it at the time, the crisscrossing searchlights did not disclose them. I do not believe there were, for, with the shells zipping skyward, that aerial locality was, as the British officers would say, "quite unhealthy."

The great thing finally slipped away in the northeast, and the crowds remained staring into a starlit sky. When it passed from view, it seemed to me, measured as an artist would measure with his brush, to be about as big as a good-sized salmon.

To this day the London papers have printed nothing descriptive of that raid—barring the brief official account and guarded editorial comment based thereon—nor of the raid that soon followed it. The idea is to puzzle the Germans concerning the results of raids, so that on succeeding visits the raiders may not profit by past mistakes. Whether this theory is sound and compatible with the allegations that the United Kingdom is over-run with German spies, I do not know.

The official version of the raid referred to contained just fifty words. Biblical reporting, that! Here was the biggest thing that had happened to London since the start of the war, and even the Northcliffe press had to dismiss it in three sentences. I have since tried to picture the New York papers in such a predicament. I wonder if such a feat of journalistic discipline could be accomplished in America.

Journalistic discipline brings me back to the censorship—that is to say, the Official Press Bureau. This Bureau, an outgrowth of the war, and now quartered just off White-

hall near the Admiralty, may be described briefly as an agency of the British Government charged with the duty of determining so far as possible what the newspapers, not only of the United Kingdom, but of the whole world, shall or shall not print about the war. For convenience, the Bureau is also the medium through which the Government announces to the public news of naval and military operations, casualties, etc. Contrary to popular belief, the Bureau has no power to whip the press into obedience. From time to time it issues confidential warnings, directing newspapers and correspondents how such and such a piece of news shall be treated; but the enforcement of these instructions lies with the courts and the military authorities, who may prosecute offenders under the Defense of the Realm Act. The submission of copy by the British press is therefore voluntary; but those who publish without submission do so at their own risk. At first glance this would appear to inflict undue hardship on the provincial press, involving the sending of matter for censorship from a distance, a procedure almost prohibitory for a daily newspaper. Theoretically this is the case, but the situation is ameliorated by the fact that what these newspapers print consists almost entirely of official *communiqués* and despatches to the great London papers, matter automatically censored upon receipt in London.

Keeping check on the despatches of foreign correspondents is done through the simple expedient of shunting through the Press Bureau "all press cables to, from, or through London." Upon this tremendous mass some forty men, mostly retired army and navy officers, work day and night in eight-hour shifts. If these subordinate censors are unable to decide whether an article should be passed or suppressed, the article is submitted to higher authorities. This at times involves a delay that to the American correspondents at first seemed appalling.

Copy is deleted literally, and not by a process of rewriting. Sentences are either painted out with ink, blocked out with heavy pencil, or cut out bodily with small scissors. I have seen many cablegrams from our Berlin correspondent, going also, as I pointed out before, into the enemy's hands, that had been so scissored as to resemble Mexican drawn-work. Edited to taste, these cablegrams are stamped "Passed for publication" and may be forwarded to America, provided they reach the cable office with no alteration whatsoever.

There is a censor on duty at the cable office to see that there are no interlineations on passed matter. Now, while no honorable correspondent would attempt to write between the lines or otherwise change copy that bore the Censor's stamp, it often happens that copy as edited by the Censor is incomplete in text, and sometimes misleading. To meet such a situation I once took a chance.

As received on our desk from the Press Bureau a despatch from the Continent read just the opposite of what I knew the writer intended, and I realized that in making changes the Censor had unintentionally created this error. He had used both scissors and ink. For me to re-edit the copy with ink or pencil differing from the Censor's I knew would mean detection, and I had visions of deportation, perhaps a jail sentence. To send the copy back with a request for recensorship would involve several hours' delay, and the despatch was an important one.

I read it carefully and saw that the elimination of four words would clear up the ambiguity. Well, thought I, I can use the scissors just as artistically as the Censor and nobody will be the wiser. I did. The four words came out and the despatch got away on time. My conscience was clear, for I knew I had made the despatch read as it should have read.

Incorrect statements of a certain character, however, if believed by the enemy, are helpful to a nation at war, and on this theory none of the belligerents objects to the circulation of reports which have enough of the ring of veracity to keep opponents guessing.

Somewhere near the start of this article I observed that it was a good policy to file matter with the Censor, even though at heart you knew it would not get by. The reason for this is that our experiences in London proved that the censors were essentially human beings, and that what is meat for one is poison for another. Working on this theory, several individual correspondents were able to get through some descriptive matter on the Zeppelin raids. Thus, while the standardization of methods of handling news in this war has, on the one hand, minimized beats and exclusive stories, it has, on the other hand, by virtue of its mechanism, developed freaks of transmission and created arbitrary situations wherein one correspondent has been enabled far to outstrip competitors.

There were two American correspondents

of my acquaintance with the Turks at the Dardanelles. Both ultimately left that field, discouraged at being able to get so little matter through to this country. It was of course pro-Turk matter, and it had to be routed up through the central empires and Holland, and then, inevitably, to England, where a great deal of it perished. But—and here is the story—these two chaps both interviewed the commander of the first German submarine to come down from the North Sea, around Gibraltar, into the Mediterranean. The event was the forerunner of the withdrawal from the Dardanelles of the British war-ships, and many weeks before the submarine menace in the Mediterranean was acute. The interview with the submarine commander was a picturesque and graphic novelty, one of the best news and feature stories of the war.

The two correspondents obtained their interviews at the same time, wrote them at the same time, filed them at the same time. But fate was pulling for one and against the other. One went through with comparative despatch to the Chicago paper to which it was filed; the other lay in London for five days. When it reached New York, it was as dead from a news standpoint as Rameses.

I have never heard a satisfactory explanation as to how it was possible for this to occur. Incidentally we were never able to obtain a satisfactory explanation as to why our first bulletin from Queenstown telling of the sinking of the Lusitania was held fifty-two minutes by the Censor. In the meantime a message had gone to the Cunard Line offices in New York, where the news was first made public.

Then there is the mystery of the Kaiser's head. When I was over in France as a correspondent at General Headquarters of the British Army, I witnessed on a plain not far from the little town of St. Omer a tent-pegging contest and a demonstration of rough riding by the East Indian cavalry.

They are magnificent horsemen, these Indians, and I wrote a story in "cablese" telling how, to the immense delight of the assembled French peasants, they swept across the plain, charging into lines of imaginary Germans, slashing right and left with their sabers, or piercing with their slender lances straw-stuffed sacks which dotted the ground. Then came the tent-pegging, and, finally, the *pièce de résistance*. On a small, flat piece of wood an Indian artist had painted a likeness of the German Emperor. An iron cross hung about the wooden neck. With considerable

ceremony an Indian soldier buried it up to the chin in mud and straw, then Mohamed Akrum—I jotted down his name at the time—wheeled his horse some sixty yards away and with lance raised bore down on that curiously painted likeness of the ruler the Indian has grown to hate. He hit it square in the center, riding top speed, splitting the painted face from scalp to chin.

That night, writing my story at Headquarters, I hesitated before saying that the board bore the German Emperor's likeness, reasoning that when the story was printed in America Germans and German sympathizers would say, "A nice pastime for the refined English!" So I spoke to Captain Faunthorpe, of the press staff, about it. "It makes a better story to leave the Kaiser in," I explained, "but there will surely be editorial comment on it by the pro-German press. What about it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It will not be censored out if you care to put it in," was his comment.

So I put it in; and the story went to London by King's messenger the next morning, and was cabled to New York that afternoon and was printed throughout this country the same day.

When the American papers reached London, I looked for my story, and found that for Kaiser or German Emperor—I have forgotten which I used—there had been substituted—the "face of a German soldier."

I sent my clippings to the War Office, according to regulations, and got a letter back from my friend Faunthorpe. "I see," he said, "that the Kaiser's head didn't get through, after all. What ever became of it?"

Frankly, I don't know. My copy was censored at the front, and presumably went through the Press Bureau untouched. When I got back to New York, I looked up our day cable editor and asked if he had done it. "I followed your copy," he said.

But I have been wandering far afield from the desk, and I shall go back. Hans Lody was the first German spy to be executed in London. Like the others that have followed him, he was shot in the Tower. Latterly, spies shot have been designated in the brief official announcements as A, B, C, etc.; but in Lody's case they used his name. I state this because it is pertinent to the circumstances through which, by chance, I got a good story on how he died.

It was my day off, and, accompanied by

Baedeker, I went to the Tower of London. Rain was falling through fog, and generally it was one of those gloomy London days that in reality are just as depressing as fiction writers say they are. The Tower is not a cheerful place, but I wandered around considerably, and finally stood in a courtyard gazing at a spot where Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn and others had had their heads cut off.

An old beefeater, gay in his regalia, came and stood beside me. "That's the place the block stood," he said, by way of voluntary information. I smiled my appreciation and handed him a sixpence. Then, by way of being pleasant, I said:

"I guess it's been a long time since any one was executed in the Tower."

"Not so very long," said my friend. "We had one here yesterday."

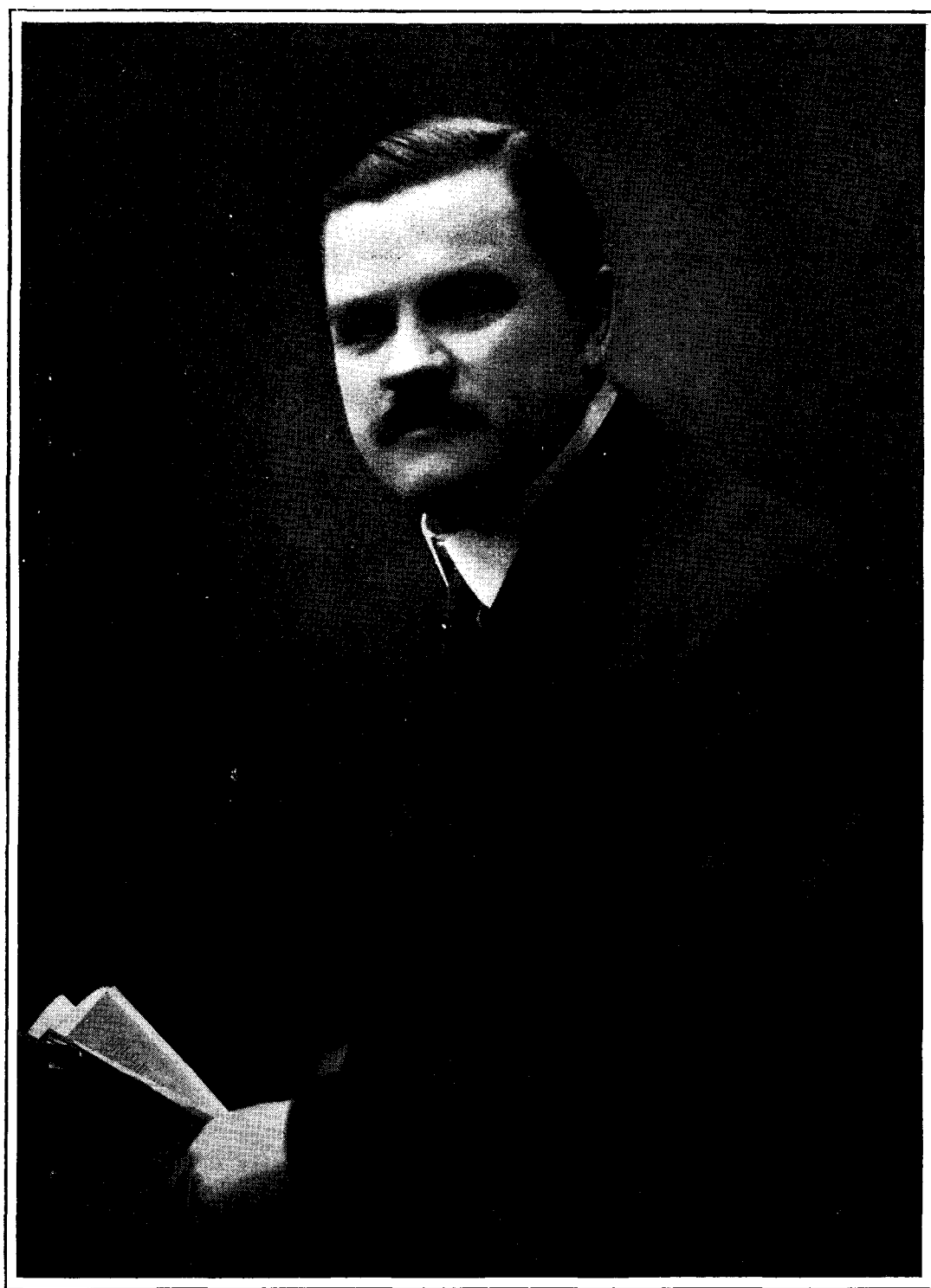
I was startled; and he added, quickly, "It was Lody, the spy."

Now we knew that Lody had been tried by court martial, but I, for one, had not pictured for him death amid such historic surroundings.

I gave the old beefeater a shilling, and, leading me into a doorway, he told me all about how Lody had died. He had been shot at dawn, after the custom of court-martial executions, in another courtyard, fifty yards away. And he had died game. He had smoked a cigarette up to the last, and he had asked that he be allowed to face the firing squad with eyes unbound. Whether this request had been granted, my informant was unable to say.

When I got back to the office that night, I found this notice from the Press Bureau on the spindle: "The press are authorized to state that spy Lody (*sic*) was found guilty by court-martial and sentenced to death. Sentence was duly confirmed at the Tower of London."

This had already been put on the cable, but I sat down and wrote how Lody died. Somehow the thing impressed me tremendously. We had been writing for months with hardly a passing thought of men dying by the thousands in the trenches; but this was different. I wondered for a time if the story would get me into trouble. Not that there was anything in it against regulations; it was submitted to the Press Bureau in the usual way. But it occurred to me that they might wonder how I knew so much about it. However, I never heard from it again, except to see the story under a spread head in the home papers.



FRANCIS M. HUGO
Secretary of State of New York

AUTOMOBILE RIGHTS AND WRONGS

BY FRANCIS M. HUGO

SECRETARY OF STATE OF NEW YORK

HOW would you like to see a procession of automobiles from New York to Cleveland, a distance of approximately 665 miles? That is what would happen if all New York State's 235,000 registered cars should start on a journey West from the metropolis in single file. It is only by some such picture that this great revolutionizing factor in our American life is brought home to the people. Let us go a step further and observe the potential force thus represented. There are enough automobiles in New York State to move its entire population to other territory in three days; enough to mobilize the whole Greek army and move it from one frontier of the Empire State to another in two days. More motor vehicles are registered in this State than in all the New England States. New York claims precisely one-ninth of the cars of the entire United States. Additional facts, interesting by comparison, might be adduced to show that the drivers of these cars, licensed in certain instances, make up a very formidable army in themselves; but already these remarkable figures lose their force by repetition.

The Automobile Bureau of the State of New York, which has charge of the licensing of the owners and chauffeurs of these cars, is the largest of its kind in the world. It has many problems to solve; problems interesting, serious, and ludicrous. It is a huge business, receiving nearly two million dollars of revenue annually. This gross amount, under the Highway Law, must be turned over automatically to the Highway Department and expended by it for the maintenance of the improved roads of the State. There are three main offices for the distribution of license plates—New York, Albany, and Buffalo; and two branches at Ogdensburg and Binghamton. The last two are designed to take care of the flood of Canadian and Pennsylvanian motorists who cross the borders at these points and who, by this arrangement, receive their plates without delay.

The identity of the car is the main desideratum of registration. With this in view, two innovations are being introduced this year. The State is divided into three districts, called the New York, Albany, and Buffalo zones. All pleasure cars registered in the

New York zone bear a straight number—that is, there will be no letter in addition to the digits themselves. The Albany district plates will carry the letter A, and the Buffalo district, B. This will allow police, pedestrians, and any other persons interested in a particular car to ascertain at a glance from what district of the State the owner comes. Heretofore almost all the letters of the alphabet had been used, with no significance whatever being attached to the letters. This has resulted in many cases in confusion and chaos, which the new system is to obviate.

The second change will involve no breach of patriotism. It has been decided to hyphenate the numbers. Scientific tests proved conclusively that a number, such as 13-230, when set off by a hyphen is more clearly discernible than without it. A speeding car is often seen but once before it passes from view; a momentary glance and it is gone. It is important, therefore, to help the senses record the image as much as possible. This is the function of the hyphen. Perhaps there is only a fraction of difference in aiding identity, but this is very often vital. It will be recalled that the first link in the chain of evidence which finally led to the conviction of Charles Becker and the gunmen was the number of the car that had been used by the latter. It was Governor Charles S. Whitman himself who first secured this number from a bystander who had seen the car and who gave the Governor the information in the station-house.

Another instance of the practical service performed by these numbers will perhaps prove of interest. One day last summer a Troy motorist started from his home city with a party of friends bound for New York. It is a seven hours' journey by automobile. Shortly after the party left, the mother of one of the occupants of the car became seriously ill. It was necessary to get in touch with the tourists and recall the relative. The number of the car was unknown, the owner having two automobiles, one of which was being used for the trip. The Albany Automobile Bureau was consulted by telephone. From the name of the owner, the description of the two cars was given. The automobile carrying the party was identified, its number taken,

and the chief of police of one of the cities along the Hudson was notified to intercept the party. This was done, and the party returned to Troy within the hour, instead of speeding on its way to the metropolis.

These are some of the interesting problems which have confronted the State Automobile Bureau. There are many serious ones. It is a safe assertion that the automobile laws in general have not kept abreast of the times. They are anachronistic. We have no centralization or co-ordination in this State in handling the accident problem. This is a stupendous question. People are being injured in New York City by automobiles at the rate of one every seventy-five minutes. The police are striving to catch the speeders. The magistrates claim that they will impose severe fines if the offenders are found guilty. I have revoked every license whose revocation has been recommended by a convicting judge, which is going to the limit of my power. In spite of these expedients, however, the fatalities continue to pile up higher and higher.

In my judgment, there is at present a notorious lack of centralization and power to deal summarily with the motor-car driver. The State is the proper organ to exercise this supervising function. The Secretary of State's office, because of its experience, should have this power. It is so in other States, and it has been found to work out well. To-day my office is given responsibility without power. I am charged with the administration of the motor vehicle law. Yet, if some one sees fit to evade it, the only resort is an appeal to the local police authorities, who are often too busy with their own problems, and who naturally do not understand the niceties and technicalities of this law.

The State has not yet set a very high standard of proficiency in the matter of regulating the operation of cars by the general public. At the present time the chauffeur class, or those who drive as employees or for hire, are the only ones to take an examination to qualify them as to their fitness to operate cars. This includes a written and a drive test.

There are remedial laws on the statute-books at the present time which, if strictly enforced, would help materially to solve the traffic problem—at least so far as the automobile accidents are concerned. For instance, Section 322 of the Highway Law makes it a crime for the owner of a motor

vehicle to employ an intemperate driver. A penalty of a fine of five dollars for every day of such employment is provided. If convictions could be obtained under this statute, owners would pause before employing chauffeurs addicted to drink. The speed maniac can be fined for his misdemeanor, be he owner or chauffeur. A penalty of one hundred dollars, generally imposed for this violation, would soon teach such offenders that speeding is an expensive and unprofitable sport, while reckless driving resulting in injury renders the driver liable to both civil and criminal prosecution.

There is no doubt that at the root of the motor evil of to-day lies the carelessness of the people themselves. It is the Anglo-Saxon way to crave liberty; but too much license breeds callousness. Our people must be educated. The motor vehicle problems which so affect the lives and safety of us all should receive more careful and scientific attention. Every pedestrian should have a "Stop, Look, and Listen" sign in his mental consciousness when he starts to cross the street. The motorist who observes the "Safety First" rule will never regret his conservatism, even though his party reaches its destination five minutes later than scheduled.

Police Commissioner Woods, who has made a special study of the traffic problem, has issued a list of "don'ts" to both drivers and pedestrians. These should prove of practical value in the campaign of education.

In addition to these questions that have taxed the resources and ingenuity of a trained corps of experts in their efforts to solve them, there have now and then been brought to light incidents which have made the problems assume a more humorous aspect. As every one knows, New York State has the arduous task of dealing with both the rural communities and the cities. These represent a diversity of interests as wide as the poles. Still, both must be dealt with equally. This is particularly true as to the Automobile Bureau. Among other divisions there is a complaint department. The letters and queries that continue to come in day after day, mainly from the country districts, would make an interesting chapter in themselves.

A couple of extracts from letters that have recently come to the attention of the Bureau serve aptly to illustrate this. Northern New York is one of the greatest turkey-raising sections of the Empire State. Likewise it has some hundreds of miles of improved

highways over which autoists by the thousands travel during the summer and fall months, in the enjoyment of the scenic beauties of the St. Lawrence River and the Adirondacks. Turkeys have a distinct fondness for roadways. The owners likewise have a fondness for the American dollar that comes with the approach of the holidays when the birds grace the tables. The following letter explains itself:

On Sunday a Ford automobile killed one of my turkeys. I was unable to get his number, but I telephoned ahead to the central girl, and she said that it was ——. Now these turkeys of mine are pure-bred Narragansetts, and it is quite a loss to me to have two or three killed every week, as has been the case.

These turkeys were in the road, but they will get out in a hurry if given a warning. This car was running at a high rate of speed and did not slacken its pace or blow its horn to give my poor turkeys a chance at their lives. After they saw what they had done, they went faster.

This Narragansett hen of mine was being saved for a breeder next year and had already been sold. She was worth at least three dollars. Certainly there should be something done to stop this practice. The autoists seem to delight in killing things. Please advise me.

Here is another telling a similar story:

Have we, the people living on the State roads, any rights to the highways? If so, how much?

I have the impression that we haven't any. The autos have the road and I think sometimes they are fiends. The man or the brute that took the pains to pull to the side of the road and kill my dog after being warned by men on the road and after killing him sped on at full speed. It was lucky for him that I was not there. If I had, I would have tried the little Ford and brought the brute to justice. The law says you are to stop, but they go so fast you can't get the numbers.

I have had seventeen hens killed this summer, and not one of the cars has stopped to say keep out of the way or to pay for them. I have made up my mind that it is time to say halt. If the law can't stop them from killing foot men in the road, where does the law or justice come in? I am convinced that there are some smart folks who like to see how smart and cute they can be, and if they are not stopped before long there will be something doing before long down at ———, where they go at a 40 or 50 mile clip and defy the law.

— (R. F. D. I.)

Many practical questions are asked the Bureau each day which involve somewhat technical replies. They are, nevertheless, queries that concern almost every motorist.

As every forty-fourth person in the State is a car-owner, the public may very properly be enlightened upon a few of these questions. For their benefit, three of the most common are selected:

1. May a member of the owner's family or his friend drive the owner's car without a license? The answer, though in a qualified sense, is in the affirmative. Such family member or friend may operate the car in question, provided he or she is at least eighteen years of age, and further provided he or she does not operate it "as an employee or for hire." If under eighteen years of age, the law requires that the owner or a licensed chauffeur shall accompany such person. (Subdivision 2, Section 282, Motor Vehicle Law.) If such person operates "as an employee or for hire," a special chauffeur's license is demanded, this being the definition of the term "chauffeur" in the law. One more qualification should be observed in this connection. If an owner loans, leases, or gives another exclusive use of his car for a period greater than thirty days, the borrower is deemed the owner and must forthwith take out registration in his or her name.

2. Can a child operate a car in this State unaccompanied by any one? He can if eighteen years of age. If under eighteen years, the owner or a licensed chauffeur must accompany him.

3. What is the reciprocity rule between New York and other States with regard to license-plate privileges? New York has adopted the almost universal rule of the different States on this point in allowing an interchange of courtesies. That is, it accords to motorists of other States the same privileges which other States grant to its tourists. As nearly all of the States are of one accord in applying this rule, it is safe to say that a New York motorist can tour throughout the entire United States upon his New York license without violating the law of any State or Territory.

The Automobile Bureau of the State of New York stands ready at all times to co-operate with those having dealings with it. Questions relating to the Motor Vehicle Law and its administration are gladly answered. Copies of the law itself are mailed upon request. It is my aim to aid in this campaign of education in every possible way. This, after all, is the most fundamental method of solving the popular problems of the American people.

AN EXPERIMENT IN STUDENT CO-OPERATION

BY GEORGE W. HUNTER

“THE next case, officer.” The speaker, a quiet, dignified youth of eighteen, turned to a small, neat youngster who stood at attention on the other side of the long table. Half a dozen boys—small, middle-sized, and big—stood there beside him, obviously rather ill at ease. Officer Kenninsky spoke: “This here fella’ threw some scraps of his lunch on the floor of the lunch-room an’ refused to pick it up after havin’ been warned t’ree times.” “Anything to say for yourself?” queried the quiet youth from behind the table, turning to the object of the complaint. “I didn’t do no such t’ing, it’s a lie, dat’s what it is. He’s just trying to pick on me,” wailed the offender. “Any witness, officer?” Kenninsky beckons to one of the waiting group. “How about it? Ain’t he makin’ the place dirty every day the same?” The witness nodded vehemently. “He’s always doin’ somethin’ mean; we can’t eat in peace at his table, and it’s gettin’ the reputation of one of the worst in our section.” “Report to Kenninsky for three days during the lunch period, and help him clean up,” pronounced the judge. “And if you don’t brace up and give us a hand we’ll put you in the tardy room for a week or two. Haven’t you any school spirit? Get out and do something for the school; you can’t get everything for nothing here. Officer, what’s the next case?”

Perhaps in no school in the world is the spirit of mutual helpfulness so well shown as in the great cosmopolitan De Witt Clinton High School in New York City. Cosmopolitan alike in its teaching corps and its student body, it is ideal for any experiment in social democracy. The school building, a splendid example of modern school architecture, is located on the border of one of the most unsavory localities in the city, an area where the gang element in its worst form runs riot and where race battles are common even in broad daylight. The school building is used day and night practically throughout the year, housing a great day school, a night school, a lecture and a recreation center. As a focus of such activities perhaps six thousand persons daily

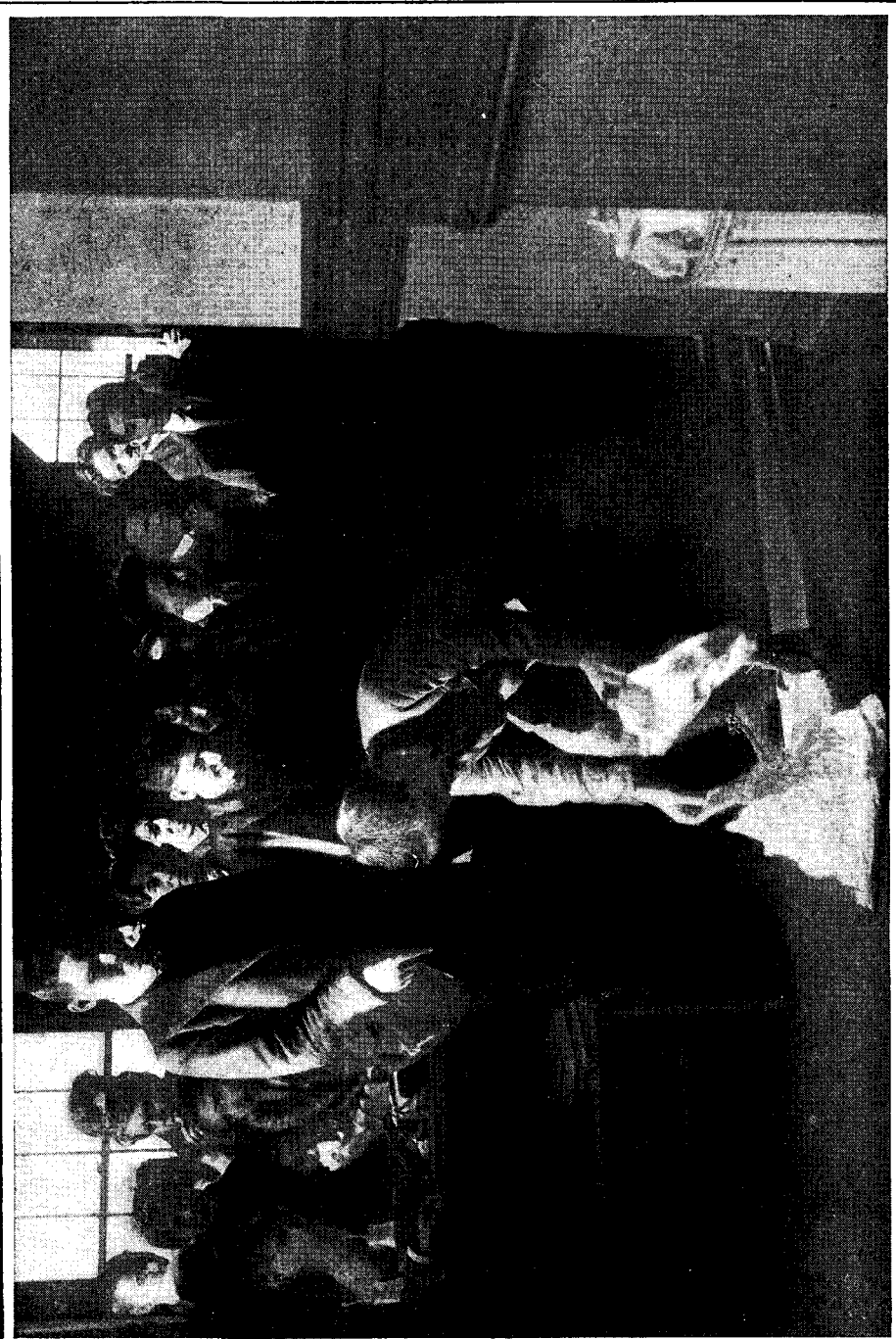
pass through its portals. Of the student body considerably over seventy-five per cent are of foreign parentage, Slav, Italian, Irish, and German forming the bulk of its clientele. Most of the boys, especially the “East Siders,” are quiet, well behaved, and anxious to learn, but in their home surroundings they have never had the opportunity to know what real sanitary and hygienic conditions are.

Each half-year, in September and again in February, nearly a thousand new pupils, fresh from the many schools of the various parts of the city, each with his own standards, enter the portals of the school. No conventions bound them, school traditions were as yet unknown, and the practical side of their biological and hygienic training had not yet begun to bear fruit. A trail of papers, chalk dust, and cast-off luncheon came to follow certain of these first-term classes.

Then came the thought, if these boys are unwittingly the offenders against the decency and self-respect of the school, why not make them sow the first seed of a propaganda against this lack of thought for others? Half a dozen of the better element from among the newcomers were called together and a plan was evolved, the details of which follow.

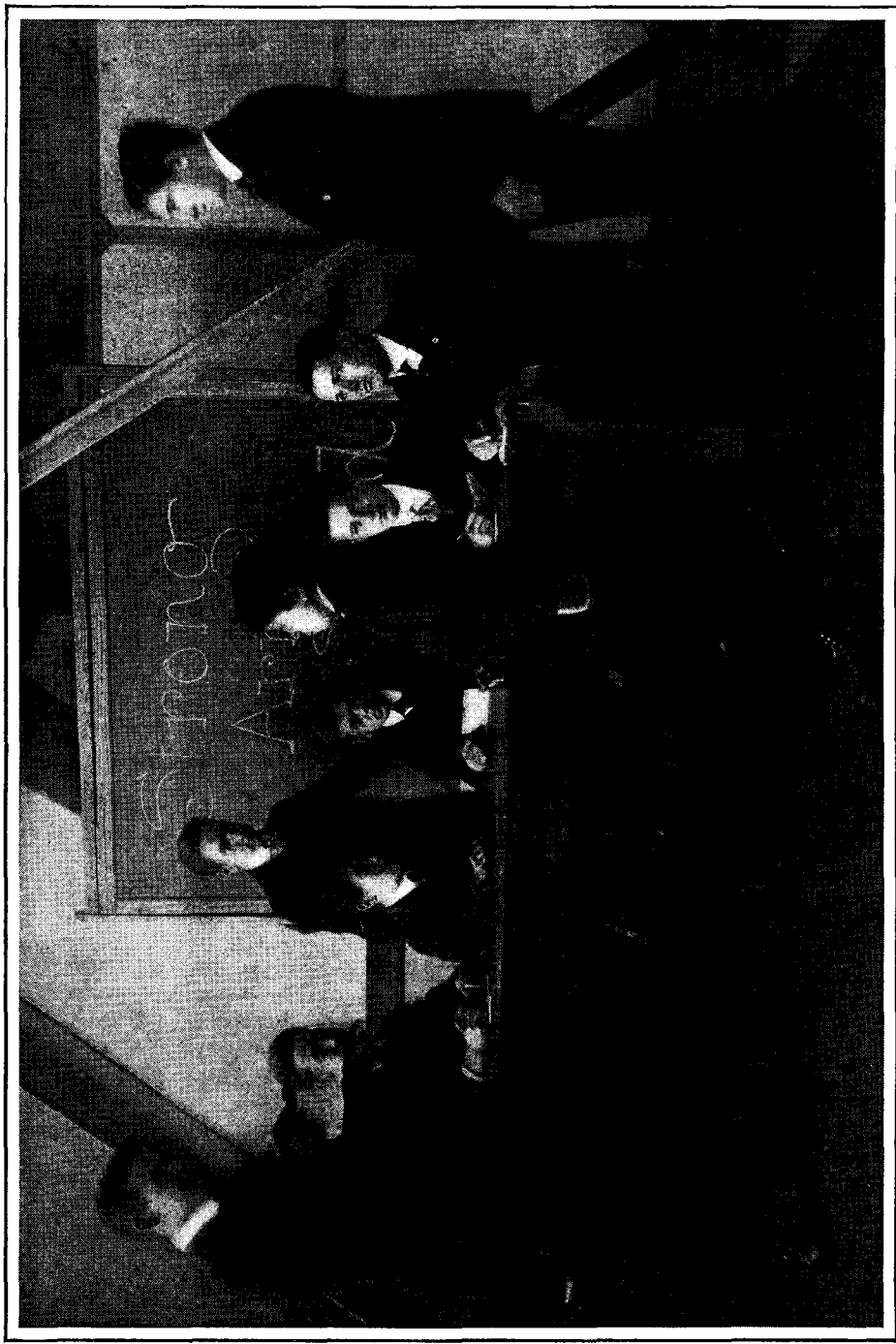
For convenience in distribution, boys in the school are grouped in sections of from thirty-five to forty pupils, each section being assigned to a given home room in charge of a teacher who acts as their adviser. In this home room the section has most of its study periods; there are discussed the affairs which are solely section matters; activities of various sorts are organized there. Whatever *esprit de corps* the section possesses comes from the fellowship aroused by meeting together in the morning or after school in its own room. Here was the place to strike first. So notice was sent out of a meeting to which each of these sections was asked to send delegates. These delegates became the nucleus of what was later known as the Sanitary Squad of the De Witt Clinton High School.

At this juncture we invoked the aid of Mr. Reuben Simons, of the Department of Street Cleaning. This gentleman had done work of



THE CULPRIT, THE LAW OFFICER, AND THE WITNESSES

The boy in the foreground of the picture has been throwing newspapers and other litter on the floor of the lunch-room. A sanitary squad man has caught him and is making him pick up, not only the papers he put there, but other paper and scraps which he finds on the floor in the vicinity. In the background other boys are interested observers



THE OFFENDER AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE—COURT OF THE STRONG-ARM SQUAD

a similar nature among much younger boys in the elementary schools, and, knowing boy nature, he came forward with the offer of badges to be used by the squad members as a distinctive mark of authority. Committees were then formed, officers elected, and the work of the organization began. There were an executive committee; an improvement committee, the duty of which was to suggest improvements in and about the buildings; a street committee to police the street during the lunch periods; a hall committee, whose members policed the halls at all hours of the day and brought offenders against law and order to justice; a lunch-room committee, whose onerous tasks were ultimately to "clean up" the lunch-room; and, finally, a social committee, whose business it was to provide the programmes for the meetings held every Tuesday afternoon. The squad elected their own captain, two lieutenants, and a secretary. The faculty inspector chose to work with him a student assistant inspector. These officers together made up an executive council.

One of the first useful activities of the squad was to draw up and have printed a set of suggested rules of conduct for members of the school. These printed notices were posted in every room in the school building and on all bulletin boards in the halls and lunch-room. Then large stenciled signs were placed in the lunch-room and in the halls. These signs reminded the students that the cost of the lunch furnished depended in the long run upon co-operation between school authorities and the student body.

The work of the squad was at first directed toward bettering the conditions in the lunch-room, where over three thousand boys were fed almost every school day. Then, widening their circle of influence, they took charge of the halls and rooms all over the building, and finally the condition of the streets adjacent to the school was taken in hand.

But the work of the squad was by no means all plain sailing. Not all boys who joined the squad proved to be trustworthy. It is a hard matter for a thirteen-year-old boy to see the ethics of picking up another fellow's leavings. Sometimes open rebellion on the part of the boys who were required to do clean-up work by squad members made trouble for the director to soothe. Boys of the upper classes, who were at times careless, like all other young men, resented being asked by a freshman to clean up anything,

even if they did cause the trouble. So a "strong-arm squad" came as a natural evolution from work in the lunch-room, where conditions were unusually trying. Sometimes getting the offender's name would be a difficult task, and might mean trailing the boy to a recitation room, where a teacher would require the name to be given. Every afternoon in the office of the inspector court is held. The inspector-in-chief occupies a chair in the room in case he is needed, the assistant director acting as the judge. The squad members state their case against the reported offender, the prisoner is allowed to make his defense, witnesses are then called for the prosecution to rebut any false statements that the prisoner may have made, and finally the assistant director pronounces sentence. This may consist merely in a reprimand, with an invitation to attend the next meeting of the squad to see what they are trying to do; it may be clean-up work under supervision of a squad member if the culprit is guilty; and in extreme cases it may mean a visit from the offender's parents, or a week or two in the tardy room, an after-school penal colony which houses the careless or vicious members of the school community.

What is the result of our experiment? At the beginning the attitude of the student body was that of a critical, non-sympathetic, and often directly antagonistic body of scoffers. But little by little, as they saw the boys of the squad devotedly working for the common good, unmindful of the gibes of their fellows, a change began to be felt. Older boys who at first were openly troublesome or who made fun of the squad workers began to take an active interest and even to appear at meetings. One body of older boys of their own volition formed a hygiene club, procured lecturers, and began actively to co-operate with the younger fellows. Best of all, as faculty recognition and notices of a favorable nature began to make their appearance in the school paper, the student body began to wake to the fact that it was pleasanter to have its surroundings clean. But best of all is a spirit—a subtle something—that has crept into the school as a whole. In place of the former selfish, individualistic attitude which was so characteristic of the members of the student body, the De Witt Clinton boy is beginning to think of the other fellow and his rights, and he is learning the best lesson of the future citizen, that of co-operation with authority for the common good.

ROAD MENDERS

BY RUTH SAWYER

NOW, the way of it was this: Tomais, the bailiff, had been a Donegal lad himself, and he carried under his British clothes a warm Irish heart and a faculty for evading the law when he wished to. So it happened that when the order came to evict the McBrides and put up the cabin to be sold for the taxes, he saw to it that other duties called him to the farther end of the county from Killymard, and he gave old Dr. Danny a month to carry the message.

"You'll need all o' that to thrain your tongue to it, I'm thinkin', an' I can be keepin' the law undther my heels for thirty days. But mind, the cabin must be empty by then." Then he added as an afterthought, "I wish the luck might have stayed by them, poor souls!"

Dr. Danny scraped the mud from one wheel with the butt of his whip and took a long pull at his pipe.

"Surely some of the neighbors can take them in," he said. "There must be some other road for them than the workhouse."

Tomais whistled.

"Ye thry. Ye'll have better luck nor I, if ye find it. Why, I've asked every man an' woman in Killymard, an' the answer's ever the same: they have naught but enough for themselves. Aye, ye'll find Killymard cabins overcrowded already." The bailiff turned his horse toward Donegal town.

"Ye are a good man, Tomais," shouted the doctor after him. "How came ye to be a British bailiff, I wonder?"

"I often wondther at it myself," was shouted back.

Dr. Danny took up the reins and gave a cluck to his old horse.

"A bad bit of news is best over with," he muttered; "I'll fetch it this very day." But when he reached the crossroads, pity got the upper hand of his courage, and he turned home, a foolish smile on his face. "Tomais, the man, was right. 'Twill take a month to bring my tongue to it; and maybe—maybe I can do something with the neighbors before then."

Despite his hopes, he fared even as the bailiff had feared. In the thirty days that followed he visited every cabin in Killymard, each time coming out with a heavier heart than he had taken in. It was Father O'Donnelly who summed up the situation for him.

"Can ye not see, man, that every cabin has a mouth more than it can feed now? What with the carpet factory shut down and the lace-makers idle, every heart and door is closed. I could get one of them taken in at Glenties, and the other at Frosses, maybe; but 'twould be a cruel sin to part the two, and it's kinder to send them together to the workhouse."

"Ye yourself might tell them so, then," suggested Dr. Danny.

Father O'Donnelly laughed.

"Come, man, where's your courage? Are ye not knowing that ill tidings fall softer from your lips than from any other? They'll not take it so hard if ye tell them."

And so it came about on the last day of the month, when Tomais, the bailiff, was turning back from the farther end of the county, that Dr. Danny took a firm grip upon his courage once more, and climbed the hill from the crossroads leading to the McBrides'.

He climbed slowly, thinking. He had grown old with the McBrides, husband and wife. He had watched them work and save until they had bought the wee cabin and the bit of ground about it. He had rejoiced with them over each added piece of good fortune—the buying of the cow, the pair of lambs, and the pigs, and the multiplying of them all. Their lad, the young Barney, had been his first baby, and one after another he had welcomed the seven small McBrides into the world. He had watched them grow up into *aerach*-shinned, red-cheeked lads, and had wished them all "God-speed" when they had gone away to make a place for themselves in the greater world. In the years that went by they had somehow forgotten the roof-tree which had first sheltered them, along with the father and mother who waited to welcome them back some brave day. And in that waiting Barney and Bridget had grown old and helpless. Their good fortune seemed to leave them with their children; the creatures died one after another from a blight; the bit of ground about the cabin had been sold "to give the childther a good-luck penny to fetch with them," and little by little the savings put by in the chimney-corner had dwindled away. Barney took to cutting turf on the bog, getting tuppence a creel. But the long days on the wet moorland, in fair weather and foul,

brought rheumatism, which knotted his hands and crippled his back until he was good for naught. Then it was that Bridget got work at the carpet factory, for two shillings and six a week. All through the day she sat bent over the heavy looms, thanking the good Lord that she could earn bread for herself and Barney. But one day the carpet factory shut down, and the gray wolf came and sat by their door. Bit by bit Barney took the little comforts of the cabin to Donegal and sold them: the blankets Bridget had woven, the wool carded and spun and put by against the coming of old age, the best shawl, the great-coat, and a few old pieces of china. All of them brought only a pittance; yet they lived on it through the winter months.

It was an old story—there are hundreds more like it being written every year in Ireland—and the end is always the same: the cabin is sold for unpaid taxes and the inmates go to the workhouse. You may blame them, and call it idleness, lack of thrift, bad management, or what you will; but that does not take one whit from the bitterness and heartache of it all.

Dr. Danny cursed the young McBrides as he rode along. What had become of them? He remembered that Barney and Bridget had ever been silent concerning them. The most he had ever been able to learn from either was that "the childther was doin' grand," which was said with a smile of pride and a mysterious nod of the head, as though they could add: "It's not for us to boast, but we could tell tales an' we would." Not being a prying man, Dr. Danny had been loth to question further. So he had smiled and nodded back, as though he had already guessed at the wonderful things and shared in their pride.

Now it was different; he would question. He would find out where every son was and write each this very day, that the sojourn of the old people in the workhouse might be short. He had wished many times that there had been room under his own roof-tree for the two of them; but it was already crowded with the sick and the outcast, and, as old Hannah, his housekeeper, had told him long since, "there wasn't even a corner left for a lame gander."

His heart grew lighter as he wound the reins about the whip and got down at the hill cabin. He knew the lads were not bad at heart, only forgetful; and when they heard, there would be seven hands thrust into as

many pockets, and the days of trouble would end for the McBrides.

He found them both beside the hearth, a bright fire burning. Barney sat idle, his knotted fists upon his knees; but Bridget was knitting gray socks out of some wool which she had raveled from an old comfortable. Smiles came into their faces when they saw who had opened the door, and Barney rose stiffly from the creepy-stool.

"'Tis a fair day an' a good road that fetched ye here, the luck rise with ye, doctor!"

"And with ye. Good-evening, Bridget."

Bridget reached over a withered hand and patted the doctor's sleeve lovingly.

"'Tis long since ye came last. What kept ye?"

Dr. Danny's tongue grew silent and his heart heavy again. The burden of the telling was almost more than he could bear. Moreover, he was puzzled. As he looked about him he noticed that there was a strange air of desolateness in the cabin, almost as though the occupants had gone away. Everything was cleaned and put by; not a stick of turf on the hearth, nor a soiled dish or a scrap of food on the dresser. The water-bucket was empty and upside down, the clothes on the outshot bed were neatly folded, the back door was latched. What did it mean? Instead of answering Bridget, he dug deep into his hip pocket and drew out a pouch, which he handed to Barney.

"I stopped, passing, to bring ye that," he said, lamely. "I was thinking ye might be out of tobacco."

Barney took it, a child-look of delight spreading over his face. Untying the strings, he plunged an eager nose into the pouch and for a moment sniffed at it hungrily. Then slowly he fastened the strings again and handed the pouch to the doctor; all the time his eyes were on the chimney-piece, where the stub of an old clay pipe lay.

"Ye'd better keep it," he laughed. "The lad yondther has lain idle so long 'twould be a pity to set him to work again."

Bridget's hand had gone out, unseen by the two, as though to stop the pouch from going back to the doctor's pocket, while she looked wistfully at Barney. She knew how long the lad had lain idle. But the next minute she was busy at the knitting, and a silence settled over the cabin, unbroken save for the click of her needles. Then Bridget spoke:

"'Twas not the tobacco that fetched ye here. Ye've got a message on your tongue for us, we're thinkin', and maybe ye'd be glad to know we be's ready."

A frightened look came into Barney's face; Dr. Danny became more puzzled.

"Ready! Ready for what?" he mumbled.

But there was neither fear nor failing with Bridget; only a wintry little smile deepened the wrinkles about the mouth and eyes.

"Ready for the workhouse. Look ye, Docthor Danny, do ye think we have watched the closin' o' five cabins on Binn Ban and heard the thramp of a score o' feet takin' the workhouse road without knowin' what comes when hands grow too old to earn bread an' there's a twelvemonth o' taxes unpaid? Aye, we've watched an' we've been ready these many days."

Something close to a sob broke from Barney.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, to think I have made this road for ye to thravel!"

Bridget got up, and her figure was still straight and unshaken.

"Lad, hearken to me. We have not the makin' of our roads; but God, he lays them for us; but he leaves us the mendin' o' them, I'm thinkin'. Ours has been smooth and level for a long space, an' if at the end there be's a hill to climb, an' it be's a bit rough, 'tis not for us to moan. Who knows? We may do some mendin' for those who climb with us—who knows?"

She had gone up to Barney, standing with her arms reaching about his neck. And Barney, the laugh coming back to his lips, stooped and patted her cheek with a knotted hand. Neither had forgotten the ways of love and youth in the years of growing old.

But Dr. Danny cursed again, and this time he cursed aloud.

"God forgive me, but 'tis more than mortal man can stand! Where's the bone and blood that ye reared to care for ye in your old age? Where are the lads gone?"

The same inscrutable smile of pride and mystery met his outburst.

"They be's doin' grand, we're thinkin'," he was told.

"Well, ye can have it so; but I want to know where—street, number, town, and county. I want ye to write down the address of every son ye ever bore, Bridget McBride; and ye can do it now!"

Bridget drew in her breath hard.

"I cannot be tellin' ye that," she said.

"I thought it," and the doctor's voice rang out angry and excited. "I've thought it these ten years. How long is it since ye've heard from any of them?"

It was then that Bridget spoke the only sharp word she had ever given Dr. Danny:

"Even ye haven't the right to ask that. Barney, go tie up the bundle."

She went over to the hearth and scattered the embers, taking a wisp of heather-broom to sweep back the dust she had made. She moved the creepy-stool into its niche by the chimney-corner, stuffed her knitting into the pocket of the apron she wore, and, taking her shawl down from a peg on the wall, she wrapped it about her.

"It looks nice," she said to herself. "There's been a deal o' happiness here. I would be leavin' a bit behind for those who come after." Then she opened the door, and, unspeaking, the three passed out.

So it happened that a sixth cabin was closed on Binn Ban, and the people of Killymard watched a bent old man and a small white-haired woman, their bundle between them, taking the road to the workhouse. Beside them, all the way, Dr. Danny walked his horse, and together they talked cheerfully of better times.

Sickness and death among the hills and along the coast kept Dr. Danny and his old mare jogging steadily from cockcrow to day's end and after; so that it was Tomais, the bailiff, who brought him the first word of the McBrides. Tomais stopped him one morning on the diamond, his tongue heavy with untold news.

"Have ye heard aught o' them since they went in?" he asked, breathlessly, as though he feared the doctor might get the news elsewhere before he had time for the telling.

The answer was a tired shake of the head. Long, cold drives in the wind and rain, without a dinner to-day or a supper to-morrow, always hurrying towards pain and sorrow, taking his own comfort only after others were comforted, had laid a heavy hand on Dr. Danny, and weariness came upon him more often than in years past.

"Are they grieving much?" he asked.

"Grievin' much—did ye say grievin'? Faith, ye'd have thought they had inherited an ancestral estate and just moved in. Doesn't it go for to show how a man can lose his sleep o' nights for naught? Them he thinks will take it hard will go in cheerful an' uncomplainin', while them he's not afeared

of will eat their hearts out in a corner an' die from nothin' but pestherin'. But the McBrides! 'Tis less than a fortnight they've been in the workhouse, an' they have the place changed entirely."

"Aye? Well, it's not so strange; they have the gift of young hearts, both of them. Is the change so great, then?"

'Tormais shifted his feet and felt about with his tongue for words to fit the telling.

"Do ye mind the look of an empty cabin," he said, slowly, "with mold on the rafters an' dust in the corners an' dreariness in the shadows, an' a cold hearth? An' then have ye seen the dust lifted an' the rafters cleaned, a fire built high, with the kettle singin' on the crook. an' the windows open to let in the fresh wind an' the sunlight, an', maybe, the laugh of a wee child? 'Tis as much of a change as that. Ye go an' see for yourself."

"It sounds too much like a miracle," said Dr. Danny, doubtfully.

"I'm thinkin' it is one, if human hands can work them. Even them lazy, good-for-naught tinkers are feelin' it." 'Tormais went chuckling off towards the barracks.

Dr. Danny turned his horse down the workhouse road, his mind full of the things 'Tormais had been telling him. It was all too impossible, and he feared disappointment for him on the threshold; but as he swung open the heavy gate of the outer court a child's laugh greeted him, and the next instant he was stumbling over Teig, the half-wit, flat on his face on a plot of bare, brown earth.

"Mercy, lad, what in the name of foolishness has taken you?"

The half-wit smiled happily.

"'Tis them, the new ones. They asked Father O'Donnelly to fetch me some wall-flower seeds. I have them planted these three days, an' I'm listenin' can I hear them grow."

A child laughing, and Teig, the most sour of half-wits, happy! 'Tormais was right: the workhouse was a changed place. Dr. Danny passed into the matron's lodge, and noticed it was clean. It might have been clean before, but it was not always so; he distinctly remembered glimpses of dirt, and unwashed pots and half-drunk cups of tea on the table, with half-eaten slices of bread. But it was in the workhouse that he came upon the miracle itself: the inmates, gathered about the inner court, chatting with one another as friends, or busy, in groups of two or three, about little things. Some were playing at chess, others

mended a ragged garment, while others read some old files of the Derry papers—two over the shoulders of a third. In the midst of them all sat a bent old man, riding a child on his foot, and beside him, still knitting the socks, sat his small, gray-haired wife.

"'Tormais was right," mumbled the doctor; some one has opened the windows for the fresh wind and the sunshine."

A cumbersome, untidy figure came through the lodge door. It was the matron, and as she saw Dr. Danny she caught up the end of a vagabond-looking apron and wiped her hand.

"Sure, 'tis Dr. Danny, bless him! I thought I saw ye passin'." Then she burst into a hearty laugh at the look of wonder which was still on the doctor's face. "Aye, 'tis different from what it was, ye're thinkin', when every man an' woman sulked an' whined in his own corner, with never a decent word to his neighbor, an' the childther undther foot continual, makin' as much noise as a pen o' young shoats. Look at them all now, just. Ye'd think they'd gathered for a tea-dhrinkin'!"

"What's the meaning of it?" asked Dr. Danny, knowing full well himself, but curious to learn what was in the mind of the other.

"Faith, I don't know, an' I'm not askin'." It began the night the McBrides were taken in; an' since then every minute I can spare I put it in on my knees prayin' the Blessed Virgin to keep the old way o' things from comin' back. Why, I've been catchin' myself bein' grateful I was here—me, who has been grumblin' steady these fifteen years!"

"How did it begin?"

"I'm not sure I can be tellin' ye that, either. The first thing I saw was Micky—the lad wi' the paralyzed legs—teachin' the childther their letters, an' them as quiet as wrans in their nest. They've had their lessons regular every day, an' the Board has them promised books an' pencils an' the likes for the next term. Well, the childther began it; an' next the old women came round beggin' needles an' yarn from the Charity Board, sayin' they were goin' to make stockin's for the childther an' the consumptives. Ye knows, most o' them be's goin' bare-legged. One by one the creatures came out o' their corners, like scared rabbits out o' their warrens, an' began to look cheerful. Did ye see Teig out yondther by the wall? Faith, the foolish ones have grown peaceful as lambs, an' I've gotten

them tinkers to workin' some without havin' to drive them to it, though the Lord knows they don't act hearty yet."

On the way out she called his attention to the lodge:

"Looks neat, don't it? I've never had the time nor the temper to keep it so; but Bridget McBride cleans up every mornin'—'twas her own notion—an' it gives me more chance to make the meals decent. God knows, the food's bad enough for the poor creathures!"

In all the years of her matronship Cassie Boyle had never been known to bother about the workhouse food before. Dr. Danny went home, the wonder of the miracle still on him.

News of the happenings at the workhouse came to him from time to time, brought by the bailiff, Father O'Donnelly, or Cassie Boyle herself. Teig's seeds had come up, and he was training the little vines to "grow pretty." More seeds had been begged and a garden started in the inner court, which already gave promise of a fair harvest. John, the blind piper, had brought forth his pipe from the depths of his bundle and at night he played all the beloved old airs. Often and often one or two quavering old voices would take up the air with him, and, half singing, half humming, would carry it on to the finish. Even the hearth burned brighter these days, with a new gift of turf from a stranger who had been touched by the spirit of cheer and good will he had found within those gray walls. The tinkers were working better and oftener, and every bare leg was covered with warm woolen stockings. So week followed week and month followed month. Teig's garden budded, blossomed, and withered away, and things still prospered.

Winter comes swiftly in Ireland. The wind that loosens the winter clouds and scatters them over the hills may spring up without a moment's warning, almost before one knows that summer has passed. It took the inmates of the workhouse unawares, and one cloud settled over them, casting a shadow into every heart.

This time Cassie Boyle was the news-bearer. She pushed her way into the doctor's study, past his indignant housekeeper, while she mopped a flood of tears with the sleeve of her poplin dress.

"Wasn't I tellin' ye, just, it was too good to last? An' my prayers all countin' for naught! Did ye ever know luck to stop long

by a workhouse door? Tell me that. 'Tis all over now, and worse than it ever was afore."

"If they were ill, ye should have sent for me," Dr. Danny rebuked. If luck had passed from the workhouse, he felt sure he knew the road it had taken.

A fresh burst of tears broke forth and almost inundated the matron.

"Ye are not meaning the two of them have died?" he asked, fearfully.

"Who said any one died? Faith, that wouldn't have been the worst; we'd have been left the consolation of a wake, at any rate. No, 'tis as bad as it can be. One o' the sons has come over from America to take the McBrides home with him. Already every poor creathure is back in his corner mopin', an' the childther undther foot till they have me crazy."

Dr. Danny let out his breath in a long, contented sigh.

"I am glad, I am very glad." He smiled a deep, quiet smile. "I could never believe they could forget entirely. Was it Barney who came?"

"Barney or Cathal or Mat, 'tis all one to me." And then a sudden anger flamed forth, which seemed to consume the whole cumbersome poplined figure. "It's well for the likes o' ye, Docthor Danny, who've never had the taste of another body's troubles, an' have always had your own rooftop to cover ye, to be glad. But if ye were a poor burdthened soul like me, who has worn her knees bare to the bone wi' prayin', ye'd smile the other way round."

The smile deepened.

"Ye are right, Cassie; it takes a lazy, good-for-raught like myself to speak so cruel. When do they go?"

"Wi' the next boat, I'm thinkin'. I left the three o' them by the fire talkin' it over."

It was there that Dr. Danny found them, only now there were two—husband and wife.

"Well, where's the lad?" he asked, joyfully; and then he saw that their eyes held tears and their lips were trembling.

"Ye tell him," said Barney, pulling Bridget's dress with coaxing fingers.

"Hadn't ye better?" For the first time in her life Bridget was loth to take the lead. But Barney's silent, pleading face won its way in the end, and Bridget wiped her eyes and began, hesitatingly: "He's gone, but don't ye judge him, Docthor Danny. The lad's doin' grand, an' he came to do the grand thing by us, only—it was not to be."

"He could not be keepin' the bote of us," the old man broke in; "so Barney was to take one, and the next lad the other. 'Share the burdthen of it,' he said.

"Well, he was right, wasn't he, just? Is it fair one lad should have two to-house an' feed an' himself wi' a young wife an' child-ther? 'Twas but fair an' right, I say, to share the burdthen; only—only—when we found there was a hundthred miles atween the lads, we knew 'twas too late to be goin' separate ways. 'Tis easier carryin' your own burdthens, even at the last, than set them on another body's shouldthers, where they may grow irksome."

Anger, disappointment, pity, held Dr. Danny's tongue; memories held theirs. And then for a second time Bridget broke the silence.

"Maybe there was another reason—maybe. Ye see, we could do naught for the lads over yondther, an' their ways are new, the land sthrange to us. But there's a deal for a body to be doin' here, an' by stayin' we can do a bit o' mendin' for them that climb along with us." A long, wailing sob came from the farther end of the workhouse. "Hark! do ye hear? There's one o' them now a-cryin' his wee heart out. Go see what's ailin' him, Barney. Ye can ride him a while till I get Micky to take him."

She was gone in a trice; Barney followed less swiftly.

Still angry and unreconciled, Dr. Danny leaned against the door-casing and watched them go. And, leaning there, he saw the whole glowing miracle of two brave hearts work itself before his pitying eyes. Word flew from mouth to mouth along the halls and wards until every man, woman, and child knew the McBrides were staying. The crying stopped, corners emptied their inmates, tongues began wagging in kindly fashion, and the inner court quickly filled. A patch of late autumn sun fell aslant Teig's garden, turning it to red and gold, and close about it a score of old women settled themselves. In a moment came the contented sound of clicking needles. The matron bustled hither and yon, as though busy about unaccustomed things. She stopped once as she passed Dr. Danny.

"They be's goin' to have the grandthest feast this night—if it takes every penny I have put by for the gravestone." And as she disappeared through the lodge door she called after her: "Faith, there be's some virtue in prayin'—afther all."

But Dr. Danny scarcely heeded; he was listening to something else—something which took the pity from his eyes and the anger from his heart. It was the laughter of a little child, and above that the quavering notes of a pipe.

"Bless them!" he said, as he closed the gate behind him; "bless all road menders!"

REFRIGERATION AND ARTIFICIAL ICE

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON BIG BUSINESS JUNIOR IN AMERICA

I HAD selected "The Business of Manufacturing and Distributing Artificial Ice" as the subject of this, my third, article on "Big Business Junior in America," but I find that refrigeration, cold storage, and the production of artificial ice are so closely associated that they must be considered together. I have therefore enlarged the scope of my study to include Refrigeration as well as Artificial Ice.

These articles are primarily intended to suggest the business opportunities for young men that are to be found in the industrial or commercial activities dealt with; but in trying

to inform myself about businesses with which I was unfamiliar I have learned much and have greatly broadened my vision with regard to business in general.

It therefore occurs to me to suggest that any young man who is undecided as to his work in life might reach a much more intelligent conclusion if he undertook a critical study of any business that appealed to him, and, after collating his facts, summarized them in a paper to be submitted to some experienced business man of his acquaintance. He will find his judgment much clarified by the investigation, if it is thorough; and while,

like myself, he may not get all his facts accurately, he will add to his knowledge of commercial practice and quicken his sense of economic proportion and value.

In an article upon the "Riches of the Poor," by a Dr. Shadwell, published some years ago in the London "Times," allusion was made to the many facilities and comforts which, though comparatively new, nearly every one now enjoys as a matter of course and almost unconsciously.

Among the things mentioned were running water on every floor, gas, electric light, the telephone, cheap transportation, frequent postal service, and low-priced newspapers. Cold storage, refrigeration, and artificial ice were not mentioned, although in America, at least, they have added to the comfort of living and reduced its cost to a remarkable degree within the past twenty-five years.

Since prehistoric times men have known empirically that "evaporation made things cold." The ancients used slightly porous earthen jars to cool water, because they found that the evaporation of the water which percolated through the pottery lowered the temperature of the contents.

On sailing ships drinking water is still cooled by hoisting a jug wrapped in damp cloths to the masthead. The ideas of dampness and coolness are associated with "The Spring House on the Farm" and "The Old Oaken Bucket" for the same reason, but it was not until the eighteenth century that it came to be understood that evaporation, or gaseous expansion, reduced the temperature of things near by *because* the heat by which the evaporation was accomplished had to be withdrawn from the surrounding objects.

Thus the theory of "latent heat" was evolved and applied in the construction of ice-making machines, and in 1755 Dr. William Cullen first produced ice artificially by reducing the pressure upon water in a closed vessel with an air-pump, the evaporation from the surface of the water being so accelerated as to create intense refrigeration and ice. This was the first ice machine, not only of the vacuum type, but of any kind.

Those to whom this brief explanation is not clear will find a fuller exposition of the process in almost any book on physics.

The principle of Dr. Cullen's machine has been applied in all the refrigerating devices since invented, and those in use to-day all produce low temperatures by

evaporation, though the methods of inducing this evaporation may and do differ.

In the machine most generally used ammonia, which is a gas that liquefies at comparatively low pressure, is made liquid by a compression pump and then allowed to expand in the partial vacuum of a coil or "radiator," which absorbs the heat from its surroundings directly or acts indirectly by cooling a nearly unfreezable brine which is circulated in pipes to do the work of freezing or refrigeration.

It is a mistake to assume, as many do, that the ammonia used in refrigeration is absorbed by the things cooled or frozen. It is used over and over again, and none of it escapes from the expansion coils, as they must be gas-tight, and, though a very slight odor may be sometimes detected at the compression pumps, it is not important, for they are located in the engine room and are separate from the freezing tanks or cold-storage rooms.

Where brine is resorted to for indirect refrigeration, it is carried to the place of use in insulated pipes, and it is not generally known that in some parts of New York and other large cities pipes have been laid down in the streets through which this brine is conveyed to the cold-storage rooms that have become a necessity to the dealers in fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter, meat, poultry, cheese, milk, and other commodities for the preservation of which a low temperature is required.

The magnitude of the cold-storage business and its influence in cheapening and equalizing the cost of food is but little understood. In the "Ice and Refrigeration Blue Book," published by the Nickerson & Collins Company, of New York and Chicago, I find the following list of things commonly put in cold storage:

Anchovies	Caviar	Eggs
Apples	Cereals	Eggplant
Apple Waste	Cheese	Evaporated
Apricots	Cherries	apples
Asparagus	Chestnuts	Evaporated
Bananas	Cider	peaches
Beans	Citron	Fabrics
Beer	Clams	Ferns
Berries	Condensed	Figs
Brussels	milk	Fish for bait
sprouts	Confectionery	Flour
Buckwheat	Crabs	Flowers
Bulbs	Cranberries	Food fish, fresh
Butter	Cream	Fruit juices
Cabbages	Cucumbers	Furniture
California fruits	Currants	Furs
Candied fruits	Dates	Game
Canned goods	Dried fish	Garments
Carrots	Dried fruits	Grapes
Cauliflower	Dried meats	Grapefruit

Gutta-percha	Oleomargarine	Raisins
Hams	Olives	Rhubarb
Herbs	Olive oil	Rice
Holly	Onions	Salad dressing
Honey	Oranges	Sauerkraut
Hops	Oysters	Sausage casings
Horseradish	Parsley	Scallops
Jellies	Parsnips	Shallots
Lard	Peaches	Shrimp
Laurel leaves	Peanuts	Silks
Leeks	Pears	Skins
Lemons	Peas	Smilax leaves
Lettuce	Peppers	Smoked fish
Limes	Pickles	Smoked meats
Lobsters	Pickled fish	Spinach
Macaroni	Pickled meats	Sponges
Maple sugar	Pineapples	Squash
Maple syrup	Plants	String beans
Meats, fresh	Potatoes	Sweetbreads
Melons	Poultry	Syrups
Mushrooms	Preserves	Turnips
Nursery stock	Provisions	Wines
Nuts	Prunes	Woolens
Oils	Radishes	Yarn

From the same authority I take the following with regard to the value of the principal articles held in cold storage in the United States at any one time :

	Quantity.	Value.
Eggs	6,500,000 cases	\$45,000,000
Butter	100,000,000 lbs.	30,000,000
Apples	6,000,000 bbls.	18,000,000
Other fruits, about	80,000,000 lbs.	10,000,000
Meats, about	240,000,000 lbs.	33,500,000
Poultry	75,000,000 lbs.	11,000,000
Fish	60,000,000 lbs.	4,000,000

These figures, it is added, "do not represent the total value of all the products that are held in cold storage at any one period, and the aggregate value of the things that are subjected to cold storage in the course of a year is, of course, much larger.

"Thus, for instance, furs and fabrics placed in cold storage each spring in over one hundred fur storage houses throughout the country are estimated to represent a value well over \$100,000,000. The beer held in cold storage in brewery stock houses and beer depots is estimated at between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 barrels, valued at between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000. The quantity of vegetables, canned foods, and miscellaneous food items to be found in the many cold-storage warehouses, both public and private, will amount to at least 100,000 tons, representing a value of not less than \$25,000,000. The quantity and value of flour, tobacco, distilled liquors, confections, nursery stock, florists' goods, chemicals, yeasts, hides, hops, oils, sugars, and so forth in cold storage at any one time would easily aggregate a total of between 80,000 and 100,000 tons, and

represent a cash value of not less than \$40,000,000.

"This would mean that the value of the principal products actually held in cold storage in the United States at a given period approximates \$360,000,000, and this would not include the great quantities of goods held in temporary cold storage (except as to brewers) by the producers, packers, and dealers. No estimates are obtainable of the quantity and value of meats held in the cold-storage rooms of provision houses, meat markets, etc., nor of the butter and cheese held in cool rooms at creameries, dairies, ice-cream factories, cheese factories, milk condenseries, and by small dealers; nor of the quantities protected from decay by refrigeration in wholesale and retail groceries, in canneries, in hotels, in restaurants, in commissaries, in bakeries, candy factories, stores, at army posts, infirmaries, and other public institutions. Yet all these need to be considered in any estimate of the actual value and importance of cold storage, in the handling of perishable food-stuffs in such a manner as to enable the community to utilize the maximum proportion of all that is produced, and to obtain fresh foods of practically all kinds at all seasons at moderate prices."

The magnitude of the business is proof of its economic value. It makes possible an equitable distribution of a seasonal surplus. In conjunction with refrigerator cars and steamers it renders distant markets available to both producer and consumer. It averts alternate periods of glut and famine, with the corresponding extremes of prices, and because it reduces the waste and hazard of a necessary commerce it must and does benefit the entire community.

The average time for which the things usually put in cold storage are held is given as follows :

Eggs	6 months
Apples	5 months
Butter	6 months
Meat	2 to 3 months
Fish (frozen)	6 months
Fish (not frozen)	2 months
Poultry (frozen)	4 months
Poultry (not frozen)	2 months
Dried fruits	6 months

Butter and eggs are, it will be noticed, two of the things that are held for the longest period, and if cold storage did not now make it possible to preserve the surplus egg production of April and May and the unused butter which comes to market in May and

June against the scarcity of winter, it is quite probable that we should be altogether without butter and eggs by Christmas.

Cold storage for food products is, however, only one use of refrigeration. It is necessary in many processes of manufacturing. Many public buildings are now artificially cooled in summer. Hospitals are provided with artificially cooled rooms for fever patients, and surgeons resort to freezing instead of anæsthesia for some operations. A complete list of the various ways in which refrigeration is applied would fill nearly a page of *The Outlook*, and would surprise most people.

The most important is the manufacture of ice, and it is the rapid development of this business, especially in the Southern States, that first suggested this article.

The total amount of ice consumed annually in the United States is estimated at 48,000,000 tons, about equally divided between natural and artificial ice.

If we estimate the average value of this ice at \$2.50 per ton, which is considerably less than most consumers pay, it is worth \$120,000,000.

The total capital invested in the ice-making business is estimated at about \$160,000,000.

The growth of the ice-manufacturing business in the United States may be glimpsed from the following, again taken from the "Ice and Refrigeration Blue Book:"

	Number Ice-Making Plants.	Capacity (Per day), Tons.	Estimated Output, Tons.
1904.....	2,218	66,220	9,933,000
1909.....	3,000	117,000	17,500,000
1911.....	3,406	123,156	18,473,400
1914.....	4,245	158,200	23,730,000

The distribution of ice-making plants among the various States ranges all the way from two in Vermont and three in Wyoming to 353 in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania exceeds all other States, not only in the number of ice factories, but in total capacity of ice machines installed, its 353 plants having an ice-machine capacity of 16,285 tons per day. New York is a close second as to capacity but not as to number, the total number of ice factories in New York being 156, with a total capacity of 15,253 tons. Texas ranks second in number, with 352 ice factories, and third in capacity, 11,636 tons per day. Ohio ranks next, with 221 ice factories, total capacity 10,711 tons. Illinois ranks fifth in capacity, its 206 ice factories having a capacity of 9,692 tons. Missouri is a close second to Illinois as to capacity, its

156 ice factories having a total capacity of 9,644 tons."

These figures, it will be noticed, show an increase of about one hundred and fifty per cent in the output during the past ten years.

While I have not been able to obtain any information that indicates the geographical distribution of this growth, my own observation is that the greatest increase in the popular consumption of ice has been in the South, where the summers are longer, the need of ice greater, and the people, until very recently, unaccustomed to its use.

The fact that Texas now has more ice factories than any other State except Pennsylvania tends to confirm this opinion and my belief that the business of manufacturing and distributing artificial ice in the Southern States now offers many attractive opportunities to the industrious and enterprising young man who can command the necessary capital.

As to the investment necessary, I hesitate to express myself. Some figures I have seen indicate that from \$10,000 to \$12,000 will provide a plant making ten tons of ice a day at an average cost of about \$2.50 per ton.

It is said that a twenty five ton plant will cost about \$21,000, and produce ice for about \$1.50 a ton. These figures presuppose seven months' operation. The cost of production as given includes an allowance of five per cent annually for the depreciation of equipment, three per cent for the depreciation of buildings, and five per cent for repairs, taxes, etc. In some places the power of an electric light plant may be used during the day in ice-making with great economy.

If the ice could be sold to yield \$3 per ton, which is a low average in the Southern States, the resulting profit on the output of a twenty-five ton plant would \$1.50 per ton, or \$37.50 per day.

For two hundred days, which is less than seven months, this would be \$7,500, which is a fairly good return on an investment of \$21,000.

These figures may be very misleading. I am not, and never have been, in the ice business; but if I were a young man looking about for a business opportunity, I should certainly make a very thorough investigation of the ice business in the Southern States, for the following reasons:

1. The climate makes ice a "necessary luxury."
2. The long summers create a demand for ice during seven or eight months of the year.

3. The people are just getting accustomed to the generous use of ice, and the market for it, especially in the country districts, is susceptible of great development.

4. The waste incidental to the distribution of ice over long delivery routes can now be much reduced by the use of rapidly moving automobile ice wagons, and the number of consumers thereby greatly increased.

5. There can be no competition from natural ice, and it is reasonably certain that the cost of producing artificial ice will gradually decrease in the future as the machinery is improved.

6. The wealth of the South is rapidly increasing, and the demand for refrigeration and ice will grow even more rapidly.

It is only proper to say that a leading authority in the ice and refrigerating business with whom I have exchanged opinions as to the future of the ice-manufacturing business in the South maintains that I am entirely mistaken as to the field for ice plants in that section. He says that "your error is one frequently made by those who have not had an opportunity to personally investigate the situation, as it seems reasonable that there should be a greater demand for ice and refrigeration where the summers are long and hot." He insists that "just the opposite is true," and that "while the manufacture of artificial ice was begun in the South, its greatest development has been in the North, where the per capita consumption of ice is greater than in the Southern States."

He adds that "the ice season in the South is much shorter than in the Northern States, and that the cost of ice is generally higher because a greater territory must be covered to sell the same quantity, and many families in the South do not take any ice whatever, while few of them take as much as the same class in the North."

I am particular to quote this gentleman as his opinion is entitled to consideration, but I think that he overlooks the impending economic renaissance of the South, its rapid increase in wealth, and the growing ability and willingness of the people of that section to spend more for the luxuries of life. He agrees with me that "the consumption of ice in the South is smaller than in the North," and it is because I am confident that the tendency is toward a parity of economic conditions throughout this country that I am disposed to insist upon the opportunity for the ice manufacturer that exists in the South to-day.

I would not, however, advise that any one should act upon my suggestions without a thorough investigation. What I have learned about the ice business is the result of a very cursory study. While I think that the business of ice-making and refrigeration may become one of our greatest industries, I do not feel that I am sufficiently well informed to take the responsibility of answering any inquiries in regard to it.

I suggest that any reader of this article who cares for further information upon the subject should address "Ice and Refrigeration," a monthly magazine published by the Nickerson & Collins Company, of Chicago. This publication conducts a correspondence column in which it undertakes to answer all "competent inquiries." "The Refrigerating World," published by the Ice Trade Journal Company, Woolworth Building, New York, also undertakes to answer such inquiries.

The De La Vergne Machine Company, of New York, who are manufacturers of ice-making machinery, publish some very interesting literature with regard to the cost and operation of ice manufacturing plants. Doubtless it will be sent to those who ask for it.

Among those from whose writings or conversation I have learned much in regard to the subject of this article are the following gentlemen, to whom I beg to make my acknowledgments:

Frank A. Horne, President of the American Association of Refrigeration, and President of the Merchants Refrigerating Company of New York.

A. Smit, Secretary of the "Refrigerating World," of New York.

Louis Doelling, President of the De La Vergne Machine Company, New York.

Rohr P. Kehoe, Advertising Manager of the De La Vergne Machine Company, New York.

F. H. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer of the Purity Ice Company, Newton, Massachusetts.

W. J. Mitchell, Vice-President and General Manager of the Portsmouth Engine Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

William Hurd Hillyer, of Atlanta, Georgia.

Wesley M. Oler, President of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, of New York.

S. S. Van Der Vaart, Editor of "Ice and Refrigeration," Chicago, Illinois.

J. F. Nickerson, of Nickerson & Collins Company, Chicago.

Peter Neff, Consulting Engineer of the Portsmouth Engine Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

William H. Llewellyn, Vice-President of the Ice Properties Company, New York.

BY THE WAY

Old-fashioned business methods in marine insurance, which is centered at Lloyd's in London, have gone by the board as a result of new conditions. Until the first of March a shipowner who wanted insurance approached a broker at Lloyd's, who set down the particulars on a slip of paper and passed it to different underwriters, who wrote on it the amount of liability they were willing to assume and appended their initials. This paper, often after several weeks' delay, frequently reached the assured in a torn and grimy condition, it is said. The new scheme provides for a central office with a staff of women clerks, superintended by an underwriting expert, and policies will be issued the same day they are applied for.

That was a quick-witted motorman in Seattle who, in taking his car up a steep hill, saw a runaway car coming down toward him on the same track at a high rate of speed. He quickly reversed his own car, and when the runaway had overtaken him was going at such speed that the collision was only a slight one. He then applied his brakes and brought both cars speedily to a stop.

The largest elm tree in America is believed to be one in Wethersfield, Connecticut. It is called "the Great Elm," is supposed to be about 250 years old, and is fifty-five feet in circumference at the base.

Among curious advertisements in a popular magazine are these: "Make Gold, Artificial. Stands test or money back." "Invent Something! Our free book tells you what to invent." "Endless Neckties—Something new—Twelve Ties in one." "Now's the time to sell Luminous Crucifix to Catholics for Easter." "Will trade Threshing-machine for Aeroplane." "Drunk, Sick, or Crazy—Not us, but we let you collect the money and keep it all."

A humorous correspondent writes that our quotation, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," was often used by a Berkshire County (Massachusetts) character, and that he added, "And an onion a day keeps everybody away." Was this "character" possibly Josh Billings? It will be remembered that that celebrated humorist was a native of Lanesborough, Berkshire County; and the odd turn of thought might easily have been his.

Time was when an indorsement of a play by New York papers was sufficient to insure its success in the rest of the country. The "Dramatic Mirror," of New York, however, records a growing independence of judgment in such matters. Here is one evidence of it, from the Pittsburgh "Post:" "As for 'a New York indorsement,' Pittsburghers are quite capable of judging the worth of any show without deferring to hectic Broadway opinion, which has rhapsodized over piffle in numerous instances."

If this be treason, New Yorkers must make the best of it.

Kolehmainen, the great runner, is said to be a vegetarian. When he is preparing himself for a supreme effort, he eats a few lumps of sugar as a bracer. To his abstinence from heavy meats and to his use of sugar as a stimulant he is said to attribute his remarkable power of endurance. Interesting as Mr. Kolehmainen's opinion is, it is not conclusive. The man who knows about dieting is not necessarily the man who diets.

The fraternal feeling that really prevails between those ancient rivals, Yale and Harvard, was gracefully exhibited at the recent celebration by the Yale Club of Chicago of its fiftieth birthday. The Harvard Club of that city presented the Yale Club with an immense Yale banner 60 by 75 feet in size. It was displayed at the conclusion of the Yale banquet, covering the whole ceiling of the banquet room when it was broken out and coming as a complete surprise to most of the guests.

The following "reluctant tribute" to the heroism of German soldiers, by O. C. A. Child, published in the New York "World," deserves a place among the "kindly sentiments" that the war has evoked:

"I cannot help but love the way
In which the gallant Germans pay
The price in blood.
They heed no cost in death or pain
If by their valor they may gain
A foot of ground.
Each soldier sets his steady face,
And dies content if but his place
In front be found.
With all my heart I hope defeat
May trip at last their charging feet,
May break their blade.
And yet I drink a silent toast
To that onrushing, mighty host—
The Unafraid."

A lady, says the "Christian Register," selected some purchases in a store, asking that they be kept for her until the next day. When she returned, she could not remember who waited on her. After puzzling over the matter she approached a salesgirl and asked, "Am I the woman who bought some embroidery here yesterday?" "Yes'm," replied the girl, stolidly, and turned to get it.

In The Outlook of February 23, page 476, the figures in the sentence, "The American railway freight earnings, plus the freight on lake, river, and coastwise traffic, are \$250,000,000,000 a year," should have been \$2,500,000,000. Figures in these high amounts are often misread by compositors, as happened in this case; and even when spelled out the term "billion" is ambiguous, as it means a thousand millions in the United States and a million millions in Great Britain.